

COLLEGE ENGLISH

Vol. 13 • MAY 1952 • No. 8

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Vol. 13 CONTENTS FOR MAY 1952 No. 8

PÄR LAGERKVIST: NOBEL LAUREATE	<i>Adolph B. Benson</i>	417
HAWTHORNE AND PURITAN PUNISHMENTS	<i>G. Harrison Orians</i>	424
AMBIGUITY IN MATTHEW ARNOLD'S PROSE CRITICISM	<i>Gaylord C. LeRoy</i>	432
WHAT THE G.I.'S DID TO HOMER	<i>Francis Wolfe</i>	438
TEACHING AMERICAN LITERATURE IN GOETHE UNIVERSITY	<i>William L. Moore</i>	444
TEACHING FRESHMAN COMPOSITION	<i>Keith Rinehart</i>	450
ROUND TABLE		
Henry James and the Sophomore	<i>Maurice Beebe</i>	455
Hester the Heretic	<i>Frederic I. Carpenter</i>	457
The Open-Book Vocabulary Test	<i>Alan Snyder</i>	458
The Analysis of a Poem	<i>Ralph H. Singleton</i>	460
CURRENT ENGLISH FORUM		463
REPORT AND SUMMARY		465
NEW BOOKS		470
INDEX		479

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COLLEGE ENGLISH

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Pär Lagerkvist: Nobel Laureate

ADOLPH B. BENSON¹

OVER a century ago Edgar Allan Poe in a review complained that America was being flooded with all types of literature from abroad. Among the few sources of the inundation specifically mentioned was Sweden. Those were the days when Longfellow was translating the poetry of Esaias Tegnér, Lowell reviewing the domestic novels of Fredrika Bremer, and Emerson actively admiring Emanuel Swedenborg—all Swedish authors. Since then dozens of Swedish writers have appeared in English translation, including four Nobel laureates, and, of course, Strindberg, whom the Swedish Academy in its omnipotent judgment passed by when making awards of merit. But in most cases the literary fare from Sweden has been a little too lyrical or too heavy for American tastes and translators, many translations have been poor, editions have been small, and, consequently, except for readers of Selma Lagerlöf, the audiences apparently have not been large, though always select. The result is that even today comparatively little is

known in America about Swedish literature; and this despite the names of Lagerlöf and Strindberg and the amazingly favorable reviews that have appeared during the last year, all over the country, of Vilhelm Moberg's *Emigrants*, now popular in the United States.

But perhaps a change is in the offing, for suddenly, like the proverbial bolt from the sky, comes another creation from the Scandinavian north, eclipsing, it seems, for the moment at least, all other Swedish works and boldly forcing itself into the best-seller list of American metropolitan areas—*Barabbas* (1950; English trans., 1951), written by one of the strangest and most original characters in the history of Swedish letters, Pär Lagerkvist, latest recipient of the Nobel Prize in literature. Sweden, a small country of only about seven million souls, bought sixty thousand copies of *Barabbas* in the first year after publication, and eleven foreign countries translated it immediately. The author must be worth an acquaintance.

Pär Lagerkvist, whose name by the way means "laurel sprig," the son of a railway-yard foreman and the youngest

¹ Yale University emeritus professor of German and Scandinavian; vice-president, American-Swedish Historical Foundation; author or translator of numerous books in this field.

of six children, was born in 1891, in Växjö, Sweden, in the traditionally barren province of Småland, whence had come such eminent men and women as Carl Linnaeus, the scientist; Christina Nilsson, the singer; and Vilhelm Moberg, the author (all known in the cultural circles of America). Lagerkvist now resides as happy father and husband, in a second marriage, at Lidingö, near Stockholm. He was educated in the local "Gymnasium," or junior college, and at Uppsala University, where for a year he devoted himself to humanistic studies. His parents were very religious, and as a boy, according to the autobiographical *A Guest in the World of Reality* (1925), the young Pär was every day exposed to lengthy readings from the Bible, from which there may have been some adverse reaction. At all events, during his early education he was easily influenced by radical contacts, all orthodoxy was banished from his system, and he adopted a form of left-wing socialism.

But some of the stories of the Bible, like that of Barabbas, had apparently made a great impression on him, and, while he abhorred any form of slushy sentimentality as exhibited, for instance, in some Salvation Army meetings about Jesus, he remained fundamentally devout and believed, broad-mindedly, in Christian principles. He respected his father and loved his mother, as may be detected in some of his poems. He has been called—I believe by himself—"a religious atheist." In any case, his religion became one of ethical humanitarianism, with a profound reverence for all honest searchers for truth, irrespective of religious creed. It is important from the beginning to understand this viewpoint. Between extreme philosophies Lagerkvist tried to steer a middle course, but in most

cases, as in his views of the common people and labor relations, leaned toward the left of center, this no doubt due in part to both heritage and environment.

In 1940 he was elected a member of the Swedish Academy, taking the place of the neoromantic, antinaturalistic Verner von Heidenstam. The Swedish Academy is no longer as conservative as it once used to be, though it adheres in its elections religiously to artistic merit. In the meantime, to earn his bread, Lagerkvist wrote articles and reviews, most of them for socialistic newspapers and periodicals. In 1941 the University of Gothenburg conferred on him an honorary doctorate.

It must be confessed at the outset that it is not easy to write adequately or justly about Pär Lagerkvist, and regarding his work there are probably as many interpretations and evaluations as there are critics. Shy by nature and caring nothing for social events, he has remained essentially alone with his family and—thoughts. Nor has he ever in his writings solicited public favor, and it is difficult to imagine him permanently popular with the common reader or so-called "rabble," though he is intrinsically very sympathetic to them. But during the last three decades there has gradually developed among those who take literature seriously, particularly in Sweden and France (whence had come some of his early impressions of cubism, expressionism, and other modernistic movements), the conviction that he is the greatest living figure in Swedish letters and that *Barabbas*, for instance, is but the logical culmination of a life of unexampled artistry. This cannot, however, be readily recognized, for though his style and language are inconceivably simple at times, he is in thought and

meaning often obscure, paradoxical, unintelligible.

Yet ardent students of his poems, essays, plays, and novelettes—not to mention his later novels like *The Dwarf* (English trans., 1945) and *Barabbas*—believe that they have discovered a certain continuity in his production, extending from the extremes of modernism and a profound pessimism of his first works, written under the shadows of the first World War, down to the greater firmness, self-assurance, and resigned optimism of later days. They, including members of the Swedish Academy, found in Lagerkvist that idealistic tendency which, according to the stipulation of the Nobel Prize in literature, should be the chief prerequisite of candidacy for that award. Certainly, there is throughout his writings a frantic, idealistic yearning and searching for an understanding of the mysteries of life; there is impressive—one admirer has called it “explosive”—power, moving drama, profound sincerity, intensity, speculation, and, despite men’s brutality to man, a firm belief that ultimately good will conquer evil. He retains a faith in Western civilization and the Spirit of Man, while condemning with unprecedented force all totalitarianism.

Lagerkvist made his literary debut in 1912 with *People* and the year following with *Two Sagas about Life*, both of which reflect the pessimism at the turn of the century, recorded his opposition to affairs in general, and employed all manner of stylistic experimental devices, especially in language. In 1913 he went to Paris and there studied modern art, cubism, and expressionism, which were to influence his early writings. The result of this trip was the much-discussed *Words and Art* (1913; literally, “The Artistry of Words

and Art”), where he attacked the decadence of modern Swedish literature—unjustly, in the present writer’s opinion—and lauded the vitality of modern art. From the beginning he was against naturalism and as models of creative writing recommended the folk literature of various lands: sagas, folk songs, the Finnish *Kalevala* (from which Longfellow borrowed the meter for his *Hiawatha*), Egyptian and Hindu poetry, the Bible and the Koran, and the Avesta. The purpose was to find final expression for the essentially *human* in simple form. In passing, we cannot help wondering how much a young man of twenty-two could possibly know at first hand about all the classic models mentioned. However, in 1913–16 he illustrated the new art in radical publications, and *Motifs* (1914), in verse and prose, proclaimed his new ideas. *Anguish* (1916) gave an original, highly personal view of the oppressive lot of men in general, both in free and traditional verse, and Harald Elovson of the University of Lund, Sweden, characterizes it as the first really expressionistic work in Swedish literature.

There is something elusive in much of Lagerkvist’s poetry; we can sense its earnest meaning but cannot always understand it perfectly. It has an arresting beauty, originality, exquisitely chiseled form, and contains many lyric gems of idyllic charm, with a shimmering background of nature moods and the mystery of life. The restless pondering on its meaning is ever present. But, as in most of Lagerkvist’s work, there is little or no humor; all is deeply serious.

Internationally, Lagerkvist is, of course, best known for his plays and novels, a few of which, as some readers now know, are available in English translation, including *The Man without a Soul* (1936) and *Let Man Live* (1949), both

published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation of New York (in their series of "Scandinavian Plays") in 1944 and 1951, respectively. We shall return to these later. (In this brief article all titles are reproduced in English only, whether or not the work concerned is available in English.)

Though Lagerkvist began his career as a lyric poet and writer of misty expressionistic prose, it is only natural that during the first World War he should find the best medium for his revolting, brooding spirit and gloomy conception of life in the drama. The earliest plays—*The Last Man* (1917), *The Trying Hour* (1918), *The Secret of Heaven* (1919), and *The Invisible One* (1923)—are, as Professor Alik Gustafson has described them (in the Introduction to *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century* [1944]), "startling visionary pieces, employing bold expressionistic dramatic devices," and reminding one strongly of certain plays by Strindberg, to whom he admittedly was greatly indebted.

The Trying Hour, besides an essay on the theater, contains, for example, three fascinating but utterly fantastic one-act plays. In one a hunchback and "a man in full dress"—obviously representing two opposite types of humanity—come back after death (if I have understood them correctly) to discuss guilt, conscience, God, death, and peace. In the second, a potpourri of characters appears, wondering and asking questions about God's meaning in creation and life; and in the third a young boy seeks guidance in life from a man three thousand years old. Each person at birth, it seems, gets a candle of a certain length, and apparently man's object is to light it and keep searching and searching—we know not exactly why or what for—until the candle goes out. All is symbolism, fear or explana-

tion of death, and personified abstract thought. Strangely enough, the present writer enjoyed reading these plays. The accompanying essay on the theater (in the original simply called *Teater*) is an apotheosis of Strindberg, during his so-called "post-Inferno period," and Shakespeare, and an attack on Ibsen, naturalism, and psychoanalysis. Lagerkvist himself could pen excellent realistic descriptions of nature and home, for example, but he is no apostle of *naturalism* in the Ibsen or early Strindberg sense.

The Secret of Heaven is generally considered the best of Lagerkvist's early plays and is a depressing panorama of life on earth, a tragic conception but full of dramatic tension. On a convex arc representing the earth there moves a "motley and pitiable array of human beings, emaciated in body and dwarfed in spirit, crawling aimlessly about in brutal disregard of one another, incapable of a noble thought or an ideal emotion—whilst God, a helpless old man, observes the ghastly phenomenon passively, if not indifferently, from a great distance in the heavens" (Gustafson). There are moans shrieks, terrors, and lamentations, and the purpose of the author, apparently, as Gustafson later points out, is to show that life is low, mean, miserable, and meaningless. Even love has little chance under the circumstances portrayed. An old man sawing wood represents God, and a giant decapitating dolls and piling them up symbolizes Death. The play was undoubtedly the despairing echo of the anguish of World War I.

In this connection the student of Lagerkvist is reminded of the modernistic, expressionistic *Iron and Men* (1915), a small volume of three intense prose narratives picturing the hate and horrors of war. They are masterpieces of power and vision and are as terse in

language and dramatic portrayal as an Icelandic saga. In the first story, "Iron Fragments," a grieving, determined father, with unforgettable impressiveness, picks from the dead bodies on the battlefield the lumps of iron which are to be used in the revenge of his five sons. In the second, "Maurice Fleury," a wounded soldier returns to his wife and family only to find that, because of the ghastly disfigurement of his face, no one except a dog, not even his wife, recognizes him. But, pretending to be a friend of her supposedly dead husband, he is invited to stay, and gradually, being mutually attracted by a form of obscure but unmistakable inner personal magnetism, he finally decides to make himself known, which he had avoided at first to prevent the inevitable shock. The third tale, "The Red Flame," is another about the horrors of war—burning villages, horses rushing back into a fire, and soldiers mercilessly wreaking vengeance on the natives. The title of the second story, a French name, suggests that Lagerkvist had first of all the Germans in mind when pouring out his wrath on belligerent aggressors.

In marked contrast to the gloomy pictures and reflections of war is the novellette *The Eternal Smile* (1920), which is a glorification of the simple, everyday life. The scene is in the hereafter, and a number of characters pass in review—a common method of Lagerkvist's—and tell their life-tales, even their last moments. They search, like most of us, for God, and, as in *The Secret in Heaven*, find that he is a simple man, sawing wood, who loves children and is just one of the people.

Proceeding chronologically, we notice in the late 1920's a brighter mood in Lagerkvist, particularly in *Life Conquered* (1927), which is man's expression

of faith in the indestructibility of the human spirit. Among the thorns of life there are, after all, some roses. Over a space of about fifty pages, amid some contrasts and contradictions not easy to comprehend, he jots down his reflections on life and his budding reconciliation to it. We are placed in this world to overcome—Lagerkvist says "deny"—life, like a hero or martyr, by being true to our own souls, if our interpretation is correct. But the human soul cannot still its longing through either joy or sorrow; it can only hunger and hunger, and it is always imprisoned by life itself. Occasionally Lagerkvist returns to the illusions and meaninglessness of life and wonders—as we all do—whether its path is leading us. Nevertheless, he is certain that in the end the good will prevail, that the human heart has its goal within itself, and that, while life can be destroyed, we cannot.

Perhaps mention should be made at this point of "The Masquerade of Souls," a short story which appeared in *The Battling Spirit* (1930) and develops the theme of man's spiritual progress through life to death and beyond, a favorite topic of Lagerkvist. Two congenial souls meet. After a happy marriage, a child is conceived which must immediately be sacrificed to save the life of the mother. In her sorrow the mother turns spiritually to her husband, but in her physical suffering soon dies. Voluntarily he joins her in death, for only in death can there be a perfect union of souls.

Gradually, as he mellowed, Lagerkvist's reconciliatory attitude crept into his dramas. This is perceptible in *The Man Who Lived His Life Over Again* (1928), *The King* (1932), the aforementioned *Man without a Soul*, and *Victory in the Dark* (1939), the latter two of which

reflect general political trends. Of these plays, *The Man without a Soul* is considered the most satisfying aesthetically. Its art is relatively simple, and its dialogue has been described as "laconic, abrupt, charged with between-the-line meanings in which that which is not said is frequently as important as that which is said." But it requires highly concentrated attention in reading—the writer has not seen it on the stage—lest the essential details of the story be missed. This story is that of a political murderer, "The Man," who falls in love with "The Woman" who bears the child of the murderer's victim. The man's character is changed; at first the "callous instrument of a mechanical political doctrine (a man without a soul)," he ultimately acquires one and comes to perceive the supreme significance of brotherly love and sacrifice.

Typically Lagerkvistian are *The Genius* (1937), which ponders the events of the day, the insecurity of life, and faith in the victory of the human spirit over the animal instincts; and *The Liberated Man* (1939), a collection of religious and ethical reflections, varying between faith and despair, and voicing the problem of personal responsibility, since, after all, there must be a meaning to life. In *Song and Strife* (1940), a collection of poems, and in *The Home and the Star* (1942) we find motifs of the love of fatherland and his native province and of a northern unity of relationships, with style and language in the traditional vein. *A Midsummer Dream on the Poor-Farm* (1941) is a symbolic-realistic play in a Småland milieu, with meditations on the imperfections of life and possibilities of happiness.

In the interim Lagerkvist had contributed one of the most famous works of his career, *The Hangman* (1933), first

written in the form of a short novel, then dramatized into a sensational play which in the 1930's became the talk of all Scandinavia. Produced during the same year that Hitler assumed power in Germany, it is a violently indignant attack on Nazi totalitarianism. Staged with all imaginable modern scenic devices, it is said to have had an unprecedented effect on its audience. The central idea in this play is continued in *The Clenched Fist* (1934), a collection of travel memories and reflections on civilization recorded during a tour to Greece and Palestine. More indirectly connected with the same thought is *In That Time* (1935), one story of which, "On the Scale of Osiris," is considered a gem among his shorter tales. An Egyptian king, long dead, awakens in his burial chamber. His soul must soon appear before the judge Osiris to answer for his life. His existence on earth, including luxuries, has been forgotten, but the image of a woman who appears stirs him powerfully and mysteriously, and with his hand pressed against his breast he walks on to appear before the throne of his judge.

An extraordinary one-act play, unique in thought and imagination, is *Let Man Live*, which, as noted above, is available in an English translation. On a stage lacking all scenic properties there appears, arranged in a semicircle, a heterogeneous group of deceased characters, several of them historical, probably all of them symbolical, and all of whom in life have been put to death by man. This list of dramatis personae includes a serf, a witch, an Inca chief, Joan of Arc, a Christian martyr, an American Negro, a guillotined countess who scorns the common mob, Giordano Bruno, Jesus, Judas Iscariot, and Socrates. Certainly an interesting group! Each person, in turn, steps forward on the stage and briefly

tells his own story and the reason why he is present: all, except two, denounce man for his injustice. Jesus accuses no one; he has lived among men and knows that they are doing as well as they can. Neither does Judas accuse anyone, for he hanged himself, although he was not at first conscious of the enormity of his original crime and perhaps was not wholly to blame. As for the others, the Serf, for example, had been hanged for stealing a leg of mutton; the scientist-philosopher Bruno, burned at the stake for having had advanced thoughts; and Joan of Arc executed for having loved France. Socrates, as we would expect, had taken the whole matter philosophically: after all, he had said, men and laws were imperfect, so, naturally, their judgments would be imperfect; the people believed their verdict cruel, but it was not; they were mistaken; it merely liberated his real self—the soul. The Inca Chief had to die because his god was weaker than Christ. At the end of the play we are told that it is life which is mighty, not death; love endures; let man live!

Best known abroad, especially in America, are Lagerkvist's two great novels, *The Dwarf* and *Barabbas*. In these Lagerkvist has reached his highest eminence. Both are localized in the dim past, in backgrounds sufficiently misty, with an almost fairy-tale, yet realistic, atmosphere, to produce the unusually attractive and effective milieu. *The Dwarf* (1944) presents a "kaleidoscope," as it has been called, of Italian Renaissance scenes, in which the hero, a real human person of dwarfish stature, becomes the *alter ego* of his princely lord. You may call him the incarnation of the devil perhaps; certainly he is one of evil. His brain constantly anticipates his lord's sinful intentions, "even to serving the poison cup which displaces the rivals," as another

writer has expressed it. The novel in its construction is superb art, with Renaissance figures and scenes of lust, war, plague, emotion, and violence paraded before us in the manner which the author favored so much. Here, too, it would seem, we find again that "magnificent fusion of the purely speculative instinct and the intense artistic vision," which has been extolled as a special quality of Lagerkvist's work. Toward the end of the novel the Dwarf—his name is not given, for he is but a symbol of the author's creation—is imprisoned, but he does not worry; some day his lord will again need his particular services. *The Dwarf* will hold the reader's attention by the sheer force of its narrative, not to mention details.

But at the moment the talk is of *Barabbas*. Lagerkvist picks Barabbas up at his release by Pilate and fictionalizes the rest of his life-story. Barabbas saw the crucifixion of Jesus, was immensely moved, and began to wonder and wonder. Why should Destiny free him and destroy an apparently innocent man? At least Jesus appeared to be innocent, and he himself was certainly guilty. Yet he had been liberated. Why? He could never forget the scene of the Crucifixion; haunting memories pursued him everywhere. He gradually, unknowingly, became half-Christian; he would have liked to believe but could not wholly. Still the call of the spiritual held him. While later working as a slave in a copper mine, he has the Christian symbol engraved on his collar, but at the crucial moment, much like St. Peter, whom he met eventually in Rome, denied any connection with Christians. A Christian fellow-workman is crucified, and again Barabbas passes through a host of emotions and wonderment. In some mysterious way he is drawn toward the Christians. Believing

mistakenly that he is helping them when attempts are made to set fire to Rome, he is caught and, like Jesus, crucified.

To say that this short novel is impressive and a masterpiece is a vast understatement. It is unique. The writer can think of no parallel. As a symbolic, psychological study it is unsurpassed, a fact which the Swedish Academy readily discovered. The last paragraphs of *Barabbas* may, even in the writer's translation, give some idea of Lagerkvist's simplicity and effectiveness of style:

And so they were brought out to be crucified. They were chained together, two by two, and since there were not even pairs, it came to pass that Barabbas walked alone at the end of the procession, not chained to anyone. This was mere chance. And so it happened that he hung alone, the outermost in the row of crosses.

A great many people had gathered and it was long before all was over. But those crucified spoke comfortingly and hopefully to one another the whole time. No one spoke to Barabbas.

When twilight fell the spectators had already gone on their way, tired of standing around any longer. Besides, by that time every one was dead.

Barabbas alone was still hanging there, alive. When he felt death approaching, the death that he had always been so afraid of, he spoke into the darkness, as though he were speaking to it:

—"To Thee I commend my spirit."

And then he gave up the ghost.

The similarity to the momentous biblical scene on Golgotha is obvious.

This is Lagerkvist: an uncommon artist, humanist, symbolist, searcher, and thinker. Probably in his own specialty (the probing of the human soul) he has at the moment no peer.²

² In addition to the critical sources mentioned in the text, the writer is also indebted, for an idea and information, to Professor Walter W. Gustafson of Upsala College, whose article, "Pär Lagerkvist, New Nobel Laureate," appeared recently in the *Bulletin of the American Swedish Institute of Minneapolis*, VI, No. 4, 3-8.

Hawthorne and Puritan Punishments¹

G. HARRISON ORLANS²

THE fiction writers of New England were from 1820 to the Civil War eager to search out and report dramatic tales of the past. Witches, pirates, weather-beaten sea captains, adulteresses, Quaker fanatics, Elders, Indian fighters, country cousins—all moved with color across their pages. But of this company—which included Whittier, Sedgwick, Leslie,

Hooper, Sigourney, Hale, Neal, and others—the only one to focus attention upon so gloomy a topic as the punishment of misdemeanors and crime was Nathaniel Hawthorne. With him punishment was twofold, that which was administered by the agents of the law—the selectmen, the magistrates, and the constables—and that subtler but more enduring punishment which came from the searing thrusts of remorse and self-accusation or from a brooding sense of guilt which gripped its victim with a deadly and unrelenting hold. The concern here is with offenses against the law, and this kind of guilt, both flagitious and venial, Hawthorne noted a number of places but

¹ [Footnotes have been omitted from this article because of serious space limitations, but all points of historical practice and action have been carefully documented. The author is conversant with the large body of Hawthorne scholarship, though he has seen fit to controvert at least two conclusions reached by previous workers in the field.—G. H. O.]

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especially in "Endicott and the Red Cross" and *The Scarlet Letter*.

Before descending to penalties and cases it may be well to compare briefly these two stories of colonial New England. "Endicott and the Red Cross," while no actual palinode, not only anticipated *The Scarlet Letter* but was a way station in progress toward its composition. Hawthorne's first entry about a penal letter was in this short tale of the Salem muster which appeared in 1837, a year after he had been reading Felt's *Annals of Salem*. About the meeting-house the townsmen were gathered to watch the muster and more particularly the offenders who, on this day of ignominy, had to spend their hour at noonday under the exactions of the law. Among the throng was a young woman "with no mean share of beauty" with a letter A embroidered with the nicest needlework upon her gown. In the years after 1837 this letter as well as other images and incidents associated with it were to stir Hawthorne's fancy again and again. In the notebook for 1844 he recorded:

The life of a woman, who, by the old colony law, was condemned always to wear the letter A, sewed on her garment, in token of her having committed adultery.

Obviously, the young woman with the scarlet A on her bosom was more and more taking hold on Hawthorne's thought, and by 1849 he was ready in *The Scarlet Letter* to fuse this symbol with culminating action and a sense of human error and human guilt.

Beyond this there is the fact that both stories grew out of his enchanted reading of Old Colony laws and seventeenth-century English books of criminal cases. The passages in the notebooks and his frequent withdrawals of judicial items from the Salem Athenaeum afford adequate evidence of his eager burrowing into old

law controversies. But even if we lacked other signs of his interest, we might infer it from James Fields's report of Hawthorne's zestful reading in Old English State Trials (especially Howell's volumes):

He often told me that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said, if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all in writing stories out of these books.

Apparently both of the stories cited were based on much the same body of history and record, and both constitute studies of early New England scenes. The market-place chapter (ii) in *The Scarlet Letter* lists the same agencies of penal abuse—the whipping post, the pillory, the halter, the branding iron—as Hawthorne had presented in his earlier sketch, though in the novel they are focused upon the punishment of Hester instead of being devoted merely to the re-creation of a scene. Thus the punishments were the chief element in common between Hawthorne's tale of Endicott and Salem and his novel of Puritan justice and conscience.

Punishment was a topic Hawthorne associated with the grimness and gloom of old Puritan communities which had the roaring sea before them and the howling wilderness back of them; and, though he would have liked to believe that sternness in punishment was an index of moral rectitude and social elevation, he concludes in *Old News* that there is no evidence that the moral standard of Colonial days was higher than in his own Victorian day. His remarks form an interesting preface to his gallery of unsocial acts:

There seem to have been quite as many frauds and robberies, in proportion to the number of honest deeds; there were murders, in hot-blood and malice; and bloody quarrels

over liquor. Some of our fathers also appear to have been yoked to unfaithful wives, if we may trust the frequent notices of elopements from bed and board. The pillory, the whipping-post, the prison, and the gallows, each had their use in those old times; and in short, as often as our imagination lives in the past, we find it a ruder and rougher age than our own, with hardly any perceptible advantages, and much that gave life a gloomier tinge.

"The pillory, the whipping-post, the prison, and the gallows"—these were much in Hawthorne's mind in *The Scarlet Letter*, and they, with the enforcement of law for which they stood, warrant further examination, for I think it may be established that Hawthorne clung closely to seventeenth-century practice in his employment of penal measures. The historicity of these may be examined, at least cursorily. First, the instrument known as the pillory.

The pillory in Salem was well known, since according to *Ancient Charters and Colony Laws* (1815) it was the punishment for forgery and blasphemy. Cotton Mather (*The Faithful Monitor* [1704]) lists the same offenses but includes diminishing or counterfeiting money to be punished by sitting in the pillory. Before 1648 it was freely used at the discretion of the magistrates and the council. In his muster tale Hawthorne has the head of an "Episcopalian and suspected Catholic . . . grotesquely incased" in the pillory, presumably for reviling or other signs of disrespect to the interpreters of the Word. In "Main Street" Joshua Buffum, Quaker, was standing in the same instrument of exhibition and suffering the ignominy of severe public staring. In Hester Prynne's case, since she was to be otherwise punished, her sentence allowed her to stand for three hours upon the platform without her head being confined in the ugly engine. But, as Hawthorne pointed out, such was the weight of a

thousand solemn penetrating eyes with their almost uninterrupted gaze that it proved an infliction "almost intolerable to be borne."

The stocks constituted another minor severity of Puritan administration and as a mode of punishment was more frequently employed than any other, for it was the penalty visited upon loiterers, drunkards, tipplers, disorderly soldiers, and persons guilty of profane cursing and other mild offenses. One John Wedgewood was, according to Charles Shaw (*A Biographical and Historical Description of Boston* [1817]), placed in the stocks for being *in the company* of drunkards. True, Hawthorne does not include a drunkard among his malefactors, but in "Endicott and the Red Cross" he does send to the stocks one who has been drinking healths to the king. Less serious violation of the social code—with the attendant penalty—Hawthorne noted in "The Maypole of Merry-Mount." Endicott, dealing with the captured "Comus" crew, thus directs Peter Palfrey: "Set some of the rogues in the stocks to rest themselves, so soon as Providence shall bring us to one of our own well-ordered settlements, where such accommodations may be found." Speaking as social historian of Salem elsewhere in the tale, Hawthorne remarked:

Woe to the youth or maiden who did but dream of a dance! The selectman nodded to the constable; and there sat the light-heeled reprobate in the stocks; . . . [and] if he danced, it was round the whipping-post, which might be termed the Puritan Maypole.

The cleft stick, glanced at by Hawthorne in "Endicott and the Red Cross," was several times administered for such offenses as calumny, blasphemy, reproaching the magistrates, and railing and reviling. The Salem records disclose that one George D. was, in 1638, "fined

40s. for drunkenness and to stand at the meeting house door next Lecture day with a cleft stick upon his tongue . . . for premeditated lying." Robert Shorthose, Elizabeth Applegate, and Robert Bartlette were also punished between 1636 and 1638 by the use of a split stick. But unless Hawthorne browsed through the faded records, he would not have encountered these sentences. An easily accessible case was that of Mary Oliver, mentioned by both Winthrop and Felt. She had formerly been arraigned for disturbing the peace in church but had been released and put in her husband's bond. After five years "this woman was adjudged to be whipped for reproaching the magistrates. . . . For slandering the elders she had a cleft stick put on her tongue half an hour." But for all its imaginative justice, as a punishment this pinching of the tongue was used only before the drawing up of a regular code and was never employed after *The Book of Liberties* in 1641.

Imprisonment was an obvious form of punishment from which no century has been free and which the world will doubtless never see the end of. *The Scarlet Letter* opens with an atmospheric description of the wooden prison; and of the rust on its ponderous doors the author remarked that it "looked more antique than anything else in the New World." The jail was used as a detention place prior to trial or the imposition of penalty, especially in the case of offenders whose fate awaited the action of the General Court. Hawthorne has Catherine, in "The Gentle Boy," imprisoned for Quaker activities and names Cassandra Southwick, in "Main Street," as held in jail for the same reason. Hester has her term in prison prior to the "day of public shame." But imprisonment became political when the Dr. Bullivant of Haw-

thorne's sketch and his associate leeches (under Governor Andros) were cast into prison and left there until things were stabilized under William and Mary.

Second in popularity among penalties in Hawthorne's list was that of the whip. He had encountered ample illustration of this in the books consulted for his Quaker story, "The Gentle Boy," and his other historical reading supplied additional instances. Such books included Thomas Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts Bay* (1764), Felt's *Annals of Salem*, William Sewel's *History of the Quakers*, John Winthrop's *Journal*, and Cotton Mathew's *Magnalia Christi Americana*. *Ancient Charters* lists whipping as a punishment among others for burglary, denial of scriptures, drunkenness, cursing, fornication, and vagabondry. Further examination adds to the list defamation of magistrates, disobedience by children, firing woods, profanation of the Lord's day, and rescue of cattle from pound. It was frequently the punishment for the first offense of a crime which when repeated would merit more serious retribution. It was also substituted when the circumstances of the culprit made fines impossible. The large number of contract servants in the colony was directly responsible for the high place of whipping among punishments.

Hawthorne several times refers to whipping in his tales. Speaking of the Salem common (in "Endicott and the Red Cross"), he describes the soil about the whipping post as "well-trodden by the feet of evil-doers," who have there been disciplined. Endicott in "The Maypole of Merry-Mount" almost regrets cutting down the pole because it would "have served rarely for a whipping-post." When he is reminded by the lieutenant that "there are pine-trees enow," the captain orders his subordinate to bestow

on each of the offenders "a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice." In "Main Street" the constable binds a loiterer to the whipping post and counts out the strokes as his cat-o'-nine-tails descends. The most famous case of corporal punishment with which Hawthorne was familiar (see "Main Street") was that of Dorothy Talbie, who was whipped for misdemeanors toward her husband. The sequel Hawthorne does not include: she tried to destroy her spouse and the rest of the family; in a fit of religious mania she did kill one of her children. For this she was hanged.

But Hawthorne's chief reference to whipping is in punishments meted out to the Quakers. In *The Scarlet Letter*, chapter ii, he adverts to Antinomians, Quakers, and other heterodox religionists being stung out of town by whip and to "an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire-water had made riotous about the streets, . . . driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest." The most colorful case of scourging occurs in "Main Street": Ann Coleman, "naked from the waist upward, and bound to the tail of a cart, is dragged through the Main Street at the pace of a brisk walk, while the constable follows with a whip of knotted cords." The penalty read, as Hawthorne recorded: "Ten such stripes . . . in Salem, ten in Boston, and ten in Dedham." The old Quaker, in "The Gentle Boy," recoils in memory from the lash of the constable which bit into his flesh as he was led into the wilderness. For this we may do no better than supply Hawthorne's comment: "Pass on, thou spectral constable, and betake thee to thine own place of torment." Speaking of the Quaker persecutions at their height in 1660, Hawthorne with gross exaggeration remarks that "the streets of almost every village echoed daily with the lash,"

an estimate which would have made the Quaker band as numerous as the savages of King Philip.

Rare in New England were punishments which inflicted a permanent mutilation, such as ear-cropping. For example, the court of Salem ordered that "one Philip Radcliffe, a servant of Mr. Cradock, being convict *ore tenus*, of most foul, scandalous invectives *against our churches and government* [be] . . . whipped, lose his ears, and be banished the plantation, which was presently executed." Though such heavy penalties were almost never enforced by the Board of Assistants after 1640, there was at least one law on the books which made such severity a legal possibility. Ear-cropping was the published punishment for burglary on the Sabbath (and for forging wills and deeds) in a law passed in 1642 and retained in the codes of 1648 and 1660. Hawthorne has Endicott hold the threat of ear-cropping or branding over the heathen crew in his "Maypole of Merry Mount," and in "Endicott and the Red Cross" an ear-cropped individual moves fleetingly before the meeting house. Both of these tales deal with the period before 1640.

Branding on the cheek or forehead was a third form of punishment Hawthorne referred to in this latter tale, but as with ear-cropping it is easier to cite the law than to find imposition of penalty. John Winthrop mentions one Hopkins, of Watertown, who was convicted of treasonably selling a pistol to an Indian for which he was sentenced to be whipped and branded on the cheek. The rarity of this penalty, however, makes it clear that in the main, though there was ample precedent in earlier and ruder times, our forefathers avoided mutilation in their concern for the preservation of the dignity of man. In *The Scarlet Letter* Haw-

thorne points out that the coarse suggestion that Hester be branded on the forehead was advanced by a vindictive, hard-featured autumnal dame, but that others, including the magistrates, were inclined to milder counsel.

I come now to those punishments, closely related to the scarlet *A*, which symbolize crime by the appropriate letter of the alphabet or external objects to be worn. Sitting in the gallows with a halter of rope about the neck was not an uncommon form of penalty and appears in *Ancient Charters* as a punishment for burglary, adultery, incest, blasphemy, and theft of an amount beyond 39 shillings or for a second offense. Such was part of the penalty inflicted upon Sarah Hales and Thomas Owen in 1641 and John Porter, Jr., in 1665. The Hudson case (1645) created quite a stir, especially among those who thought such exposure destructive of human dignity; but the most notorious case of halter punishment was that of Daniel Fairfield, sentenced in 1641 and not granted leave to lay the rope aside until 1652 and then only after repeated petitions. In his description of an unnamed halter victim, in "Endicott and the Red Cross," Hawthorne's addition of the phrase, that he was forbidden "ever to take [it] off," unquestionably singles out Daniel Fairfield as the original. In "Main Street" Fairfield is named, and the phrase descriptive of his penalty is altered to read: "he is condemned to wear [it] visibly throughout his lifetime." Halter punishments continued to be used, even after 1641, and were written into the laws of Connecticut.

Less severe but not less humiliating than the rope penalty was the attachment of incriminating phrases to the person of a culprit, either pinned on his breast or stuck in his hat for temporary

punishment, or for long-term punishment sewed on the criminal's garment. Since the application of such a phrase as "An Open and Obstinate Contemner of God's Holy Ordinances," or even "A Wanton Gospeller"—which is one of the phrases Hawthorne used in "Endicott and the Red Cross"—is rather lengthy, it was not long before the magistrates reduced the title of the offense to a single word or substituted a letter symbol for an otherwise bulky phrase. For fornication by Thomas Scott and wife before marriage, they were forced to stand in the market place one hour with great letters on their hats. John Davies for gross offenses was required, in March, 1638, to "wear the letter *V* upon his breast upon his uppermost garment until the Court do discharge him," a release which came six months later. The act against conjugation (October, 1692) provided that those lawfully convicted should stand in the pillory for six hours with the offense written in capital letters and placed upon the breast of the offender.

The earliest case of letters placed against a contrasting background appears in the Massachusetts Bay records and in John Winthrop. For drunkenness in 1633 Robert Coles was enjoined to stand with a white sheet of paper on his back, whereon *A Drunkard* was written in great letters. A second punishment for Coles was more flashing. The *D* was made of red cloth, set upon white, and this flaming announcement thus interestingly anticipates Hawthorne's introduction of the scarlet letter. Coles was to "continue this for one year, and not to leave it off at any time, when he comes amongst company, under penalty of 40s. for the first offense and five pounds the second." The penalty was revoked a year later.

This brings us with almost primer simplicity to the *A* which was to stand for

adultery. But before tracing Hawthorne's employment of this abbreviation, let us first consider the punishment of which it legally was a part—death! In the lawbook of 1660 the number of capital offenses was quite obviously fewer than in England of the same period, and so grave a penalty was allowable with one notable exception only when the Colonial fathers could find warrant in Leviticus or Deuteronomy in addition to common English practice. These offenses included, among others, idolatry, witchcraft, bestiality, rape, premeditated poisoning, murder, conspiracy, sodomy, and adultery. Hawthorne uses only two capital offenses in his stories, death for witchcraft and death for a second violation of the Puritan immigration laws. Witchcraft as a dark chapter in Salem was portrayed in "Main Street," where a procession of those accused of witchcraft move at noontide to the gallows—Martha Carrier, George Burroughs, John and Elizabeth Proctor, *et al.* Elsewhere in his works he is satisfied to deal with the witch superstition on a purely imaginary level, as when Mistress Hibbins (of *The Scarlet Letter*), the widow of the magistrate, is presented as on familiar terms with the Black Man. The second death penalty was that in the sentencing of William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson in "The Gentle Boy" when they returned after having been banished from the colony. The grim tragedy itself the tale does not recount, but as in Whittier's "The Changeling" the ensuing prejudice, fanaticism, and persecution come as an aftermath of the occurrence on gallows hill.

Adultery was also regarded as a capital crime in Massachusetts Bay (1641, 1648, and 1672 lawbooks) chiefly because it had warrant in the Leviticus code, and Governor Winthrop (*Journal of 1644*)

records at least one death for this offense, that of Mary Latham, a victim of a January-June marriage, who committed adultery with "divers young men." But otherwise the magistrates seem to have been extremely hesitant, despite the clear phrasing of the law, to affix the death penalty and found all manner of extenuating circumstances. It is not surprising, therefore, that though the story of Hester is put at such a time and in such a place as might have made the death penalty logical, Hawthorne borrows a capital *A* from the provincial (rather than Colonial) code and explains the substitution of an applied letter penalty for death as a modification of law on the part of the magistrates. So indeed it would have been, for during the 1630's and 1640's Leviticus law was upheld even though in England adultery was not rightly punishable as a crime. If a scarlet *A* had been affixed in mid-century, its mildness as a punishment would have been a result of humanitarian impulses rather than law. Later in the century a province law did provide for a letter *A* to be worn at all times by the offender, but long before its enactment there was a steady refusal, in Massachusetts Bay, to enforce the full penalty of the 1641 and 1648 Bay codes.

Enforcement in Plymouth colony went through the same course, though there capital punishment for adultery did not remain on the books so long. It was present in 1636, despite scholarly claims to the contrary, but in 1658 it was removed from the list of capital crimes. But even under the old law there was no record of a death penalty for this offense. William Paule in 1656 was given a public whipping and assessed court costs; and in 1641 Mary Mendame, for guilty dalliance with an Indian, was whipped "at a cart's tail" through the streets and forced

to wear an *AD* upon the outside of her uppermost garment in the "most eminent place thereof." This case, judging from the phrasing used, seems to have been responsible for the policy adopted in the 1658 law. It could also have stood as the original for Hawthorne's *A*, but for such use he would have had to clip the *AD*, besides shifting the jurisdiction to Boston. Such procedure was highly unlikely when he had a source both more accessible and logical.

In the province law of 1694 there occurs the earliest reference to an actual *A*, and this enactment was reproduced in the *Ancient Charters* in 1815. Though Hawthorne makes no open reference to the volume, and does not closely follow its phrases, he does speak of a colony law, and it is inconceivable, student of Colonial New England that he was, that he could have been unfamiliar with this lawbook. Be that as it may, his inclusion of the scarlet letter may more reasonably be referred to a passage in Felt's *Annals of Salem*, a volume which we know Hawthorne conned thoroughly:

Among such laws . . . were two against adultery and polygamy. Those guilty of the first crime . . . sit an hour on the gallows with ropes about their necks . . . be severely whipped . . . and forever after wear a capital *A* two inches long cut out of cloth colored differently from their clothes and sewed on the arms, or backparts of their garments, so as always to be seen, when they were about.

The wording is close to that of the province law, but which source Hawthorne followed is not important here. Directly or indirectly, the law of 1694 became the historical warrant for Hawthorne's detail. He knew his history well enough to know that there was no official *AD* or *A* in 1634 or 1649 or 1653, but it took only slight daring to advance by fifty-odd years a later punishment, especially since outward symbols were by the mid-seven-

teenth century being worn for adultery and other offenses, and some of these in scarlet.

It is apparent that in his stories involving Puritan punishments Hawthorne clings fairly closely to material details and that only in the case of the scarlet letter does he create a design into which a variety of moral and psychological themes were fitted. The expanded notice given the punishment of adultery both in the remarks here and in Hawthorne's work may be explained by the fact that most of the other punishments cited were either antecedent to the action (as the gallows in "The Gentle Boy" or cropped ears in other tales) or a part of Hawthorne's scenic representation, such as local-color details in Salem introduced to give an air of reality to a fanciful tale. Sometimes the nature of the penalties almost perforce confined them to this background use. Standing in the pillory or exposure in the stocks for an hour could have had no lasting effect upon an individual, at least a fairly normal one, and there was little that a brooding artist, even so fanciful a one as Hawthorne, could make of such a sentence. Branding or cropping of the ears or slitting of the nose, apart from their lack of final legal warrant (all mention of such penalties appearing prior to the *Book of Liberties* [1641]), were at the other pole of reaction. They would have created a great void of horror for any fictional artist who attempted to elaborate upon them and would at any rate have proved too revolting for the sensibility of Victorian readers. But the scarlet letter, though it brought ignominy and shame, was in its burning way endurable and produced a translatable if cruel effect upon the wearer whose fate it was never to escape from its constant presence. But, more than this, the crime for

which it stood was no solitary deed, and the symbol, for all its flaming quality and ability to throw a lurid gleam, could not pre-empt all attention. This extramarital guilt involved a partner in crime, clear wrong to the other member of the marriage contract and offspring, the

usual material exhibit by which guilt was detected. Thus the scarlet letter was a penalty with rich and multiple significance, and Hawthorne found it a symbol that turned and glowed beneath his hand until it became the center of his greatest novel.

Ambivalence in Matthew Arnold's Prose Criticism

GAYLORD C. LE ROY¹

THE clarity of Matthew Arnold's prose is deceptive. Arnold repeated himself so much, his manner actually had in it so much of the "schoolmaster in an idiot school" of Chesterton's famous phrase, he made such use of tags and labels, that after we have once gone through his essays we are sure we have him; we believe that we have assimilated his thinking and that there is no room for doubt. Then it turns out that we are wrong. We see that behind the clear and orderly surface, beneath the ingenuousness of the limpid prose, there is an enigma—and the more we try to read the riddle, the more baffled we become.

It is just as hard to put a label on Arnold's politics, for example, as it is to put one on Ruskin, who called himself a Communist, "reddest of the red," one day, and a Tory, a "King's man," the next. Professor Saintsbury was so exasperated by what he believed to be subversive sentiment in Arnold that he wrote the most tendentious of biographies; he fences, ridicules, retorts, and sneers in his anxiety to discredit Arnold's political "radicalism," and he thinks it

beyond forgiveness that Arnold advocated the fraternal or un-English type of democracy instead of being satisfied with the English type, which is legalistic and unembarrassing. Then come Leonard Woolf in *After the Deluge* and Ernest Barker in *English Political Thought*, to claim that in politics Arnold is nothing more nor less than an authoritarian, one whose views have their logical consequence in absolute monarchy. Dover Wilson, however, protests that Woolf and Barker have not read Arnold properly; they have spent too much time with *Culture and Anarchy* and not enough with the great essays on "Democracy" and "Equality," and they have missed the quality of Arnold's irony. Lionel Trilling, concurring with Dover Wilson, takes pains to refute the charge that Arnold is an authoritarian. But then Howard Mumford Jones, in an article in the *American Historical Review* (April, 1944), avows that Arnold is a believer in "racial snobbery and anti-democratic political action," a "Hamiltonian," a nineteenth-century Colonel Lindbergh.

The politics about which the critics disagree in this way is not to be consid-

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ered an incidental part of Arnold's thought. It would be more accurate to say that his political views provide the structure according to which his particular ideas on literary and social matters take shape. Arnold's thinking about culture, *Geist*, barbarians, Philistines and populace, Hebraism and Hellenism, reason and the will of God, and marriage with one's deceased wife's sister was all part of a single philosophical outlook, and for this outlook his political views provided the framework. It is not surprising, therefore, that critics differ just as erratically concerning most of the specific aspects of Arnold's criticism as they do concerning his political views. To one critic Arnold's manner is perfection itself, while to the next it is superficial and snobbish. To one critic Arnold's remarks on the grand style constitute a classic of literary criticism, but to the next they are a collection of empty generalities. So it goes. These are not merely subjective differences. They have their source, rather, as do the contradictory estimates of Arnold's political position, in the fact that behind the ideas and style which we grasp so easily there lies an enigma. The critical response to Arnold is like the response to a painting, in which line, color, and design are plain enough but where the artist's intention or inner meaning is not clear. Judgments of such a painting are necessarily erratic. Once the artist's intention has been made clear, however, while disagreements between critics will remain because of the subjective element, the differences will at least become coherent and intelligible. What we need is to get at the riddle behind the deceptively transparent surface of Arnold's prose. If we could do this, we should be able to eliminate the capricious element from the critical judgments

about Arnold and reduce the conflicting opinions to some kind of order.

In the attempt to penetrate to the heart of Arnold's thinking, one asks, first, about his relation to the times. With what class did he feel closest kinship? How did he respond to decisive questions of the day? How did he feel toward social groupings other than his own? It is by asking questions like this that we get to the heart of other writers—Wordsworth or Shelley, for instance, or Kipling or William Morris. But when we ask these questions about Arnold, we do not at first get far. The first impression which we get as we look at Arnold with these questions in mind is of one who stood quite apart from his age—of one who, from some detached point of view midway between the earth and the spirit of Sophocles, thought up matchless phrases to describe the deficiencies of all the social classes, religious sects, and political parties of his age. We have the feeling that was voiced with so much exasperation by Walter Raleigh—though we need not necessarily share in the exasperation—that Arnold was not really English at all, he was a cosmopolitan, or an Athenian of the age of Pericles, anything but English.

While it seems to be true that Arnold was no less delighted with the glittering hospitality of Lady Rothschild than Carlyle was with that of Lord and Lady Ashburton, yet he never came near, as Carlyle did, to making himself a spokesman for the aristocracy. The contemporary newspapers that interpreted him in that light were wrong—just as Jones appears to be wrong in dismissing Arnold as a Victorian Lindbergh. Were Arnold's affinities, then, with the middle class? At first the idea seems absurd, for was not Arnold the most unflagging, scathing, and knowledgeable satirist of the middle

class that the century produced? What, then, about the working people? When we recall that Ruskin, for all his choice and refined spirit, thought of himself as a working-class leader, we must not automatically discard the idea that Arnold, too, might be regarded in this light. But no. When he looked at the masses, Arnold became a Coriolanus. Even when he addressed himself to a working-class audience, in the "Ecce convertimur ad gentes" speech, he went on the assumption that the best thing that could happen to a worker was to rise into the middle class.

But then no man is an island, and to say that a critic is detached from every social group is, after all, to describe a certain kind of relationship to those groups. The fact that a man is not consciously identified with a class no more indicates that he is unrelated to it than a conscious dislike of women indicates independence of the female sex. Detachment itself is a kind of involvement. We must not expect a writer—especially a writer like Arnold—to yield his secret too easily. A writer's connections with his age, like the misogynist's feelings about women, may be hidden somewhere beneath the surface of the conscious mind.

Let us try, then, to go deeper than the level of conscious opinion. Out of what needs or fears did Arnold's views develop? What were the tensions, conflicts, or antagonisms at the deeper level of personality where the conscious mind has, to some extent at least, its pattern determined? These are the questions that should help us to get to Arnold's secret.

It is at first difficult to penetrate to the level of inner conflict in Arnold because we are taken in by the sublime assurance of his manner. W. H. Auden has remarked in his study of Tennyson, however, that the poet was perhaps particu-

larly insistent on lucidity in his verse because of the unruly and chaotic material at the bottom of his mind. Is it not possible that, in a somewhat analogous fashion, Arnold's Olympian manner had its source in subconscious uncertainty and doubt? However that may be, once we have resolved to disregard the façade of serene composure, we have little difficulty in getting at the source of the tensions in Arnold's response to the modern world. Lionel Trilling puts us on the right track when he reminds us that Arnold, like his father, spent his whole life in trying to adjust himself to the meaning of the French Revolution.

But it was not only the French Revolution of 1789 to which Arnold had such difficulty in finding an adjustment; it was the French Revolution that was fulfilling itself day after day in the present. The best way to describe the tension in Arnold, perhaps, is to say that at one and the same time he welcomed and feared what he believed was the dominant tendency of his own time—the continuation of the work of the French Revolution. To sweep away the inheritance of feudalism, to put an end to immense privilege, to strengthen the forces of liberty, democracy, and equality—this, Arnold believed, was the business of the hour. This was the work of the "modern spirit." Toward the modern spirit, however, Arnold's response was both intensely emotional and consistently ambivalent. On the one hand, the changes wrought by the modern spirit were freeing man from senseless bondage and creating the preconditions for a high state of civilization; but, on the other hand, the modern spirit threatened to create a leveled, vulgarized, Philistinized society; worse yet, it threatened to let loose the wrecking impulses of the mob and so lead to a state of anarchy and violence. Arnold looked

on the positive manifestations of the modern spirit with ardor and on the negative manifestations with alarm and dismay. Instead of abandoning one of these two conflicting responses in favor of the other or fusing the two in some higher synthesis, Arnold held the opposite responses in a state of perilous balance and worried over the emotional antagonism that they occasioned for the whole of his adult life.

In the revolutionary year of 1848 Arnold told his mother that "the hour of the hereditary peerage and eldest sonship and immense properties has, I am convinced . . . struck"; but in the same year, one observes, he wrote to Clough: "For my soul I cannot *understand* this violent praise of the people; I praise a fagot whereof the several twigs are nought: but a *people*?" When it appeared that the French Revolution of 1848 might cross the Channel, Arnold told his sister "K" that the state of the masses in England was such that "brutal plundering and destroying" was all that could be expected of them.

In 1856 Arnold told K that, in his belief, "the English aristocratic system, splendid fruits as it has undoubtedly borne, must go"; but he quickly added: "It does not rejoice me to think this, because what a middle class and people we have in England! of whom Saint Simon says truly: 'Sur tous les chantiers de l'Angleterre il n'existe pas une seule grande idée.'"

When Arnold began his prose criticism with *England and the Italian Question*, (1859) and *Popular Education in France* (1861), the Preface to which was printed later under the title "Democracy" in *Mixed Essays*, he exhibited the same ambivalence in his response to the trend toward democracy. Unequivocally he announces that the day of aristocracies is

past; the time has now come for ideas—and for ideas aristocracies have no aptitude. Now is the time for "the ideas of religious, political, and social freedom, which are commonly called the ideas of 1789"; the time has come for that "irresistible force, which is gradually making its way everywhere, removing old conditions and imposing new, altering long-fixed habits, undermining venerable institutions, even modifying national character: *the modern spirit*." But if Arnold welcomes the modern spirit in these opening salvos of his social criticism, he also voices his terror of it. Is it not almost inevitable that the modern spirit will lead to a dismal, Philistinized, "Americanized" society—to that leveled vulgarity and bathos that must result when the multitude comes to power with no "adequate ideal" to elevate or guide it?

As Arnold gets into the main body of his critical work in the middle sixties, he continues to display the same ambivalence. In "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" (1864) he speaks of the French Revolution as "the greatest, most animating event in history," and he describes the present as a time for "expansion," that is, for putting the revolutionary ideas of democracy and equality into practice. But at the same time Arnold hardly conceals his panic lest the attempt to give "immediate and practical application" to the new ideas should move too fast. In the essay on Joubert, published in the same year (1864), Arnold returns to his warning that it is perilous to give premature practical application to ideas of liberty and equality which are perfectly sound in theory.

Culture and Anarchy (1869) rests on the same ambivalence. On the one hand, *Culture and Anarchy* is a magnificent affirmation of the "modern spirit." "What

is alone and always sacred and binding for man is the making progress towards his total perfection." Even the familiar tags of *Culture and Anarchy*—making "reason and the will of God prevail," the quest for "general perfection"—remind us of the note of affirmation in the book. We are moving, Arnold says, toward "the general harmonious expansion of those gifts of thought and feeling, which make the peculiar dignity, wealth, and happiness of human nature." We are approaching, it may be, one of "the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a national glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive." But, along with the bugle call announcing the new age, we hear the siren of alarm. Again Arnold looks ahead, appalled, to the vista of the "Americanized" hordes—to the society where "the concerns of life [are] limited to these two: the concern for making money, and the concern for saving our souls." He takes fright at the "Jacobinism" of Frederic Harrison and Congreve. The Hyde Park riots foreshadow a drift, he fears, toward the "social discord" in which "each thing meets in mere oppugnancy." In a tone that reminds us a little of Carlyle's malevolent contempt, Arnold scoffs at the officer who refused to employ force against the rioters. His fear of anarchy carries him to the point where he lays it down that "the framework and exterior order of the State, whosoever may administer the State, is sacred"—a proposition that any dictatorship might use to sanction its assault on independent thought.

Ten years later, in "Equality," the antithetical attitudes toward democracy reappear without essential change. Raising the flag of egalitarianism, Arnold an-

nounces: "Our shortcomings in civilization are due to our inequality. . . . The great inequality of classes and property, which came to us from the Middle Ages and which we maintain because we have the religion of inequality . . . has the natural and necessary effect, under present circumstances, of materializing our upper class, vulgarizing our middle class, and brutalizing our lower class. And this is to fail in civilization." Then Arnold reverses the field to warn of the dangers of democracy. In America, he informs us once again, "we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any . . . high standard of social life and manners formed." Let us conserve what we have rather than risk the perils of the future. "Our present social organization will and must endure until our middle class is provided with some better ideal of life than it has now."

In the last decade of Arnold's life it is the same. In "A Word More about America" (1885), Arnold states that America's democratic institutions are better suited to the needs of the people than are England's, whose failure to put democratic ideas into practice, he says, is stultifying her national life. "We are like a people whose vision is deranged by their looking through a turbid and distorting atmosphere, or whose movements are warped by the cramping of some unnatural constraint. . . . Our very classes make us dim-seeing. In a modern time, we are living with a system of classes so intense, a society of such unnatural complication, that the whole action of our minds is hampered and falsened by it. I return to my old thesis: inequality is our bane." Yet in these very years, in "Numbers" (1884), Arnold converts his fear of democracy into the doctrine—the quintessence of Toryism—that majorities are always and necessarily unsound. Again

we hear the warning that "monster processions and monster meetings in the public streets and parks are the letting out of anarchy, and . . . our weak dealing with them is deplorable." Again we witness Arnold's panic fear of "Jacobinism" with its "temper of hatred and . . . aim of destruction."

One need hardly point out that this conflict between advocacy of democratic ideas and fear of them was a conflict that perplexed the middle class in the decades when Arnold was at work on his prose criticism. Despite its working partnership with the aristocracy, the middle class was still curbed by the vast economic and political power—not to speak of the moral ascendancy—of the class of prescriptive privilege and inherited wealth. As a consequence, the middle class to a certain degree identified itself with the liberating ideas stemming from the French Revolution—the revolution which constituted, after all, in its most general European significance, the conquest of power by the middle class. But at the same time the middle class, during the mid-Victorian decades, well remembered the militant working class of Chartist days. The very people who felt the emancipatory significance of the trend toward democracy when they conceived themselves as a revolutionary class as against the aristocracy feared the destructive and leveling significance of this trend when they faced a working class that appeared likely, any day, to embrace the new ideas in order to establish an egalitarian society of its own fashioning. The typical attitude of the middle class toward the ideas of "expansion" associated with Arnold's "modern spirit," then, was one of ambivalence.

Perhaps we should look upon Arnold, then, as in a sense a spokesman for, not the conscious aims, but the unconscious

dilemmas of the middle class of his day. How Arnold would have laughed at, and dismissed as preposterous, an idea of this sort. Arnold, the baiter of Philistinism; Arnold, who never tired of describing the dismal lives these people led, who made fun of their worship of coal and population and money and of their chapels and tea-meetings. But we who live in the age of Freud have learned that we cannot dissociate a man from a given belief merely because he disclaims it. An ardent disclaimer, in fact, may be grounds for supposing that the belief in question has an important place in the mind.

At any rate, once we have entertained the idea that at the heart of Arnold's thinking there is an ambivalence characteristic of the middle class of his day, we recall that Arnold, in fact, despite his mockery of Philistinism, gave us ample warrant for regarding him as having a specially close relationship to the middle class of his own time. His great work in education, we recall, was to advocate not better schools in general but, specifically, better schools for the middle class. He always gave it as his belief that in the foreseeable future it was to be the middle class that would shape the thinking and the manners of the realm.

Is it not because the critics have missed Arnold's special relationship to the middle class of his own time and in so doing have failed to grasp the ambivalence in this thought that they have been so capricious in their judgment of Arnold? Some, struck mainly by the democratic affirmation in Arnold, have thought of him as a captain in the forward march of the people; others, giving attention rather to his fear of the masses, his panic at "Jacobinism," have written him off as a Tory. But the truth about Arnold is that he was radical and Tory at

the same time, that he maintained a delicate and difficult balance between two mutually contradictory attitudes toward the common man.

If we are right in affirming that Arnold's secret lies in the middle-class ambivalence at the heart of his thought, then other aspects of his work should come into a better focus than they have had heretofore. May not certain of Arnold's weaknesses, for instance, be associated with the fact that his thinking rests on a balance of forces which was, in

fact, delicate and impermanent, but whose impermanence Arnold did not adequately take into account? Again, may not an element of Arnold's strength as a social critic arise from the fact that—without conscious intent, but nonetheless authentically—he voiced not merely the characteristic dilemmas but also the best aspirations, the self-confidence, and idealism of the middle class during the time of its mid-Victorian efflorescence? To develop these ideas, however, would require another article.

What the G.I.'s Did to Homer¹

FRANCIS WOLLE²

DO YOU have a copy of the *Odyssey*?" asked a student one Monday in the fall of 1945. "I'd like to lend it to a friend who's down in the Army Hospital. They've got eight copies in their library, and they check out books for a week only; but he's had his name on the waiting list for six weeks, and it still isn't his turn."

Startled by the request and by the popularity of one of the world's oldest classics in an army hospital, I got together from my own shelves and from those of my colleagues seven copies. The next week the student returned to the office to thank me for the books and to say that his friend, Jimmy, and the other fel-

lows in his ward thought it would be swell to talk to an English prof and have him answer a lot of their questions.

So five days later I found myself entering the ward where Jimmy was in bed between a series of operations for removing shrapnel and bone splinters. I presume it was called a surgical ward, and I have never been sure whether there were twelve, fourteen, or sixteen beds in it; for, besides the bed patients, an almost equal number of ambulatory cases from other wards were pretty well filling the room, sitting or lounging about in their variously faded maroon pajamas. Those men were mostly waiting out the long recuperation from tropical diseases. An awkward quiet fell on the room as I went to Jimmy's bed. He thanked me for his copy and then began the stiff ceremony of introducing me to the men in the other beds. After the fifth one, however, he gave up and said, "Oh, our names don't matter; and, besides, I don't know the names of most of these fellows who drifted in from the outside. They knew you

¹ [AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The incident related here really happened. The conversation is not a literal transcription but attempts to reproduce the quality of language in which the men expressed their ideas. The discussion among the patients was at first almost painfully awkward, and only my questions kept it going; but soon the flashing back-and-forth of ideas came much as I have recorded them, for to these convalescing men the story of Odysseus was a symbolic but very real statement of their thoughts and experiences.—F. W.]

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were coming, though, and wanted to hear more about Homer."

"Well," I replied, "I'll tell you what I can. But I came to find out why you like him so much, and why you read the *Odyssey* much more than the *Iliad*."

"That's easy about the *Iliad*," one voice broke in. "It's mostly just fighting, and the way we do it now is so different that the old Greek way doesn't seem quite real. Besides that we're through with fighting now."

"You said it, Andy!" came another voice. "We're has-beens—look at us."

"Just the same, the *Iliad* is not too bad," cynically drawled a man squatted on the floor near the door. "It tells a lot about war, especially the doings of the high brass. And did they foul up the job most of the time! Sounds to me quite familiar. And then when they should be relieved of their command, they blame it on somebody else—this time a higher echelon, the gods."

"Pipe down, Sid. Most of us ain't read the *Iliad*. And, besides, the prof came to tell us about the *Odyssey*." Then turning to me, "Do you know what foreign service Homer did and how long he was overseas?"

"Not exactly," I began.

"Hell, you don't need eggsackly!" came from the bed almost opposite Jimmy's. "The guy had to of been there or he wouldn't of knowed so much about gettin' back. An' you guys in this ward seen enough fightin' to know he seen it, too; an' you walkin' bums came in here apurpose to hear the prof; 'cause Homer knows all the angles they is to a tough comeback. He seen the works, didn't he, prof?"

"Sure, Jake, Homer knew his stuff and knew it cold," agreed a tall raw-boned man in washed-out pajamas, moving in close to Jimmy's bed and me. "And, prof,

that guy, Odysseus, was trying to come back same as all of us. And look at the way he messed it up!"

"Big Ed's right, professor," said a voice so close to my left elbow that I was startled. It was young Brooker in the bed next to Jimmy's, and he continued, "Odysseus didn't do a thing that me and my buddies haven't got in trouble about too. Some of us here haven't had a chance yet to step out like he did, but we've sure thought about it plenty. Just take the way he played with those dames, Calypso and Circe. Sure, he could make them; any soldier can."

"You're bragging," broke in Big Ed. "But he'd been away at the war for ten years—longer than any of us—at any rate, the first thing you hear about him is he's shacking up with that swell dame, Calypso, and she's been giving him all he wants for nearly seven years. But what does the dope do. . ."

"He ain't no dope," called a more distant voice. "Or I'm a dope, too, and maybe we're all dopes. He shacked with her at night, but in the daytime he went off by himself and cried, because he was so lonely for his wife and baby he'd left at home. So he ditched her and started back. Every guy is like that: he needs a woman after he's been in the lines for too long. But, heck, it don't mean nothing; and soon he wants to get back to his own woman and settle down."

"You're right, there, Al," chimed in three or four voices; and then another soloist continued the theme. "I suppose it would be decenter to let the women alone, to ride by them, the way Odysseus did with the Sirens. But even then he wasn't sure of himself and had the crew tie him down with ropes. And the minute he heard their song he tried to jump overboard and go to them, and the crew had to tie him tighter and keep him there

by force. Hey, mister, I just got it! That's me exactly—my wounds, don't you see? They tied me down in hospitals the whole time; but I dreamed about my pin-up girl, till sometimes it almost drove me nuts. The Sirens, Calypso—what's the difference? They all seem perfect when you can't get to them. But I'm over that now. And the docs say I'll be all right again and can hold down a job. So Jane—that's my fiancée—is coming out for a visit next month, and we'll figure out when we'll get married. Just for fun, maybe I'll call her Penelope."

"You're lucky, Jerry," said Big Ed. "Lots of the I'll-be-true-forever dames didn't wait for their Joes to return. Fact is, they didn't even try to hold out. Instead, they hook up with the first 4F comes along; and sometimes married them too. One of my buddies got a letter out in New Britain telling him she was married to one of their old friends and that her and him was running the shop most successful. He'd been a sucker, see, and give her his business just before he left. You got to swallow a lot to believe in Penelope waiting twenty years. Hell, some of them didn't wait three months."

"I like the story about Scylla and Charybdis," quietly broke in one of the loungers in a battered bathrobe. "As I grew up I heard people once in a while talk about being caught between them. Now I know what they meant. Everytime you have to decide something you may get in a bad jam. On each side someone or something's ready to pluck you clean. But you can't stop where you are; you've got to go on with it. So you steer the straightest course you can, and even then you're liable to be nipped. I'm getting out of here pretty soon; and then back in Detroit business there are plenty of whirlpools on one side and plenty of

blood suckers on the other waiting to nab me."

"You said it, Charley," spoke Sid, the drawler from the floor. "I'm due for discharge, too, in a couple of months; and I feel just like Odysseus' crew in the land of the Lotus-eaters. I griped all the time in the army, and I've griped a lot here. But I'm really sort of scared when I think of getting out and being on my own. Then I'll have to do things, and make decisions, and run my own life. Instead, I wish there was a lotus-eater land I could go to and just forget everything. I've sure had no responsibility here—just do what I'm told. And for almost five years now, ever since I got in the army, it's been mostly taking orders. Gee, it's going to be tough, all of a sudden, to have to do all your thinking for yourself."

"Yeh, if you can think!" said Big Ed. "Now, take Odysseus, he really thought. He figured out the wooden horse; so he must of been the smartest big shot in the Greek army. And right at the start of the book Zeus calls him 'the wisest guy.' Say, Prof, maybe if he hadn't of been so smart, he'd of got home sooner?"

"Sure, you dope," answered Jake, across the aisle. "He takes ten years learnin' the army game cold; and so he takes ten more years to get it outa his system. Lookit the way they beat up on the first town they come to. The Ismarus people was nice to 'em; but Odysseus an' his outfit was so fulla fightin' they just hacked 'em up anyhow."

"And," added a gaunt-looking patient from one of the beds, "even when they get to the land of the Cyclops, it's about fifty-fifty in cruel, bloody work between the savage monster eating the men raw, and Odysseus grinding out the eye of the giant with a hot poker. Both remind me a little of. . ."

"O.K., Hal," interrupted Big Ed, "let's forget it. It's Odysseus we're talking about."

"Right!" said Hal. "But was Odysseus smart at the land of the Cyclops, or wasn't he? His neat trick about giving his name as Noman was smart, all right; but he was too much a Mister Wise-guy, when he called back to Polyphemus to show off how smart he was in having fooled him and gotten away. And it almost got him caught again, when Polyphemus heaved the rock and the splash from it drove the ship back toward the shore."

"And his crew knew better and tried to stop him," drawled Sid; "but the great captain, like a fool, did it again."

"Prof, it reminds me of the lots of times I've wanted to sound off," said Jimmy, his head propped up on pillows close to my right shoulder. "I've ached to tell the sergeant what a dumb bastard he was, or to bawl out the lieutenant for being such a goddam louse."

"Sure, ain't we all?" Big Ed agreed. "And where would it of got you? Busted or in the brig. My rights one of them two rocks ought to of hit Odysseus for his loud-mouth bragging. But they only washed the ship back into the danger zone. So I guess you oughta hand it to him for getting away with it."

"Yeh; but I bet his men were mad that second time," added Jimmy. "I can just hear them cursing under their breath: 'Wait till I get safe home and out of this man's army, I'll sure tell off your lousy hide.'"

By this time I was almost bewildered by the rapid succession of new ideas and realized that I had come to the hospital to learn and not to teach. And while I was wondering if I dared assume that the landing of Odysseus on the island of the

Cyclops—the savages—was symbolic of the savagery still inherent in Odysseus' heart, Charley, of the frayed bathrobe, replied to Jimmy's last remark by saying: "I guess we've all felt that way. But on the other hand look what happened when the men thought they knew more than their commander, and opened the bag, letting loose the winds. The storm drove them way to sea again, when they were already in sight of home. If they'd only obeyed orders just a little longer, they'd have been out of the service for good."

"God, yes," said Big Ed. "The dumbest damn bastard in the outfit is always the beefing buck private that thinks he oughta be the general. So he does things his way and fouls up the whole deal. It'd be O.K. if he only got himself in a jam, but he usually takes his buddies into it too, and then hell's apopping for everyone—like that deal with the winds; and, after you'd thought they'd known better, with the cattle of the Sun. Christ, even here I sometimes wanta tell off the docs, think they're giving me wrong treatment, even when they're saying I'm 'on the road to recovery.' But you can bet your last dime I ain't letting loose my bag of wind for no setback this close to well."

"Nuts!" said Sid. "He could just as easy have told them what was in the bag."

"Sure, you old griper, let's change army rules just for you. 'Generals and other commanding officers must have no secrets but pass on to the men in their command all information, no matter how detailed or confidential.'"

Amid general laughter were heard such comments as, "What a mess that'd be!" "It'd leave no time to get the fighting done." "Army bull and listening to or-

ders is bad enough now. Geez! what it'd be then!"

"And when he did give them all the dope, strictly all of it, on the island of the Sun, they disobeyed his orders anyhow; and this time they all lost their lives," said Brooker, from the bed beside me; while from the opposite bed Jake added, "Sure! Odysseus done all he could for his men. He steered the ship hisself nine days an' nights 'thout no relief, an' on'y hit the sack after they was outa danger. An' look what happens when someone does the scouting 'steada him—first, the giants eat 'em and wreck every ship but one, and next they get theirselves turned into hogs."

"But they were hogs to start with," Big Ed took over. "Christ, I never did hear of no outfit spent so much time eating and drinking. 'All day long,' it says, they ate. And no goddam army rations either. But good steaks all the time—cows, sheep, and that deer he shot. And liquor, werr! Nothing else but wine all the time. They were good drinkers, I'll say that for them; for only one ever passed out, and he fell offa the roof and broke his neck."

These remarks of Big Ed's on one of the favorite subjects for army bull touched off a general conversation with many derogatory references to the C ration, the K ration, and the hospital diet and with contrasting lists of favorite dishes to be voraciously indulged in when they were civilians at last. Some boasted about their drinking prowess; but all agreed that Odysseus and his crew knew how to take their liquor and to hold it well. Two of them felt sorry for the youngest kid and thought he'd had a tough break, because "he hadn't done nothin' like bustin' things up, or resistin' a guard, or insultin' an officer, or tryin' to rape a skirt, or drivin' into a crash an'

killin' not on'y hisself but maybe some other guy, too. All he done was go out an' get more air, like he oughta done. But he musta drunk much too heavy, or he wouldn'ta had such a bad hangover to not know where he was at, an' fall off the roof."

"You can't figure what a guy'll do when he's got a skin full," spoke up Big Ed. "It's just like I told you—Homer's a wise old guy and didn't miss no tricks. Whata you say, prof?"

"Well, men, after this afternoon I'm about convinced that he didn't," I replied. "You've shown me that you've shared with Odysseus in all his adventures—all, that is, except to the Land of the Dead."

"What! You mean we ain't been there too?" cried two or three voices; and Sid, with sarcastic politeness, added, "Why, professor, the answer to that is so easy we didn't think you'd be interested in our mentioning it."

"Prof, come here," called a friendly voice from the bed in the far corner of the ward.

"Go ahead," said Jimmy; "Tom will give you one answer."

When I got to his bedside, Tom said, "See," and pushed down the sheet. His entire left leg was gone. "The other side ain't so bad. Look an' see." I lifted the sheet from the right side and saw that that leg had been amputated just below the knee. "You needn't feel sorry," he said. "I don't any more. They tell me I was about really in the land of the dead when they found me on the beach and while they was sawing them off. But I was out cold and didn't know nothing about it; so that don't count. But when I came out from the dope and knew and seen what they done, and that I'd be a cripple always, I went straight down to the land of the dead just like Odysseus done."

It was all black, there wasn't no use, and I couldn't find no way out. I'd been a rancher with my folks, and all the chores to be done, and repairs to make, and fences to build, and cattle to graze, and horses to ride, and my own cow pony. Geez, I didn't want to live—like this. And the docs got worried and sent for my folks, and Pop and Mom and Sis all come. And Pop just told me how things was going on the place; and Sis was swell and cried and said it didn't make no difference. But Mom—remember how Odysseus met his Ma down there too and how she helped him figure things—well, Mom, she talked how we was going to do, with me the way I am now, how I'd be a big help with lots of the chores just sitting, and then how I'd have crutches and a new car to get around the place and keep my eye on things and so help Pop, and then how I'd get new G.I. legs and learn to use them, and how hard it would be—just like for Odysseus—but how I'd get to be Pop's right hand man, and someday run the place myself. So now I ain't in Hell no more, and I know there's lots of tough stuff ahead, just like the old prophet told Odysseus; but we're both on the home stretch, and every morning early I like to see 'the rosy-fingered dawn appear,' just like him."

I clasped his hand and started back to Jimmy's bed. As I got near, Brooker said, "We've all been down there in some way, prof. But we're all back up in the light again. That's why we're in this ward together now. When we were in Hades, visitors weren't allowed."

"My trip to Hades was different from Tom's," said Jimmy, as I sat down beside him. "I wasn't hurt so bad; but the first day we landed fifteen buddies from my platoon were shot down close around me, and when I'd be asleep they'd visit me and show the bullet holes or shrapnel

tears or just lie on the beach in the crazy positions they fell in. Odysseus saw all his dead buddies like that, too. I guess you'd call it nightmare; but it seemed so real, for a while I got afraid to go to sleep."

"Hell!" blurted Jake. "Youse all gimme a pain, yammerin' about bein' to Hades an' now back out. We've all went there an' we're down there yet. Seein' the sun, hell! What's that? We're still in the dead man's land, and you know it well as me. What about the swill they call grub, an' the liquor we ain't tasted, an' the women we ain't handled? We talk like we was alive, an' so did the spirits in Hades. But when Odysseus tried to touch 'em, they wasn't real; and we can't touch a pal neither. If you do you might jar loose a clot, or slip a bandage, or move a drain tube outa place, or hit a raw nerve. Hell, do you call that bein' real, when bodies is that touchy? An' the dope to stop the pain. It makes the damn ward dim an' misty in the dusk, jus' like Odysseus says. O.K., I know 's well as you, when he got back to earth he got in a helluva lot more jams; but ata same time he stuffed in food an' swilled the booze, an' had Circe one more night, an' Calypso long as she satisfied 'im, an' he coulda had the clothes-washin' princess if he'd wanted."

"Well," sneered Sid, "here we are back to the women again. So I guess your hour must be pretty nearly up, professor."

At this Jerry broke in quickly, easing the feeling of strain. "That's a good spiel, Jake, about our being only partly out of Hades. But you're dead wrong about Nausicaa."

"How come?" asked Al. "He coulda made her just like Jake says."

"Not any longer," insisted Jerry. "Why, he'd just left Calypso because he

was longing for Penelope, and with her in his mind he lay off touching this swell-looking dame, though there she stood before him stark naked."

"And he was naked as a jay bird, too," called Al.

"Well, if she'd offered me to be her husband, I'd sure have stayed. She had looks, dough, everything," said Brooker.

"Now you're talkin'," agreed Jake.

Then Sid drawled out: "Odysseus might have, too, in spite of Jerry's morals. Only remember by this time Odysseus was used to goddesses—with lots of experience!"

Amid general laughter Jake guffawed, "That's tellin' 'em." And then Big Ed came up between the beds and shook my hand. "It's been swell having you here, professor, and I sure did get some new pointers. If Jimmy'll lend me his copy,

I'm going to start reading it over again right after chow. Only one thing ain't been explained—the kine of the Sun."

I was about to do my best, when the men nearest the door said, "Gee, here come the trays—already"; and the maroon-pajamaed group moved toward the door calling, "Goodbye, professor," "Thanks, professor," and "Come again, professor." I got up and shook hands with those in the nearest beds, while, in spite of the fact that I had said scarcely a word, they thanked me for the good talk and the swell afternoon.

"An' don't forget old Homer and how him and Odysseus knew everything there is to know about war," called out Brooker at the last.

"Don't worry, men; I shan't forget!" I called back, and turned and went out the door.

Notes on Teaching American Literature in Goethe University, Frankfurt, Germany

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THE German university youth who met with us in 1946-47 in the coldest European winter of this century, like the rest of the bomb-shocked population, were beginning to lose their war numbness. But there was still no escaping the sur-

¹ An employee of the Department of the Army in Soldier Education in France, Germany, and Austria, 1945-50; at present professor of American literature, Okayama University, Japan, sent by the Institute of International Education. From Japan, he writes: "The arguments with the German professors—actually the conflict between German and American ends and means in education—are still weighing on my mind as I watch some of the Japanese wandering through the same mountain mists in search of 'truth in education.' But here, as elsewhere, the students offer hope."

realistic nightmare of their air- and artillery-battered campus in the once gracious city of Frankfurt. And hunger was something that, as a returning soldier-student of law wrote, "you cannot free yourself from, nor are you able to accommodate yourself to it. There is no heroic halo around hunger. It means a desperate struggle for mere existence, sans glory, sans ideals. It makes a man show his teeth."

The pipe dreams of Hitler, once a compelling body of ethics, had blown away with the smoke from burning German homes, schools, libraries, and museums.

More precious than institutions and the tools of scholarship, destroyed concepts, perfidious leadership, and confused powers of self-direction lay like debris over the minds of students.

Some of us in the Occupation knew at first hand the spiritual ruins within the people, far more dreadful for most youth than the shattered structure of their nationalism. What could be done for some of the potential leaders of Frankfurt, the traditional center of German liberalism, to alleviate the crushing effects of their *personal* defeats?

In those early days the competent Education Branch of Military Government was buried basket-high in matters of paper policy and could allot neither time nor personnel for regular contact with the German professors and student bodies in the classrooms where it was so urgently needed. Superficial "talks" by busy Occupation personnel were held before native Frankfurt audiences on occasional evenings. But the subjects chosen by these well-intentioned, well-fed Americans were more often than not ill suited to the calorie-rationed Germans. And sometimes such efforts were interpreted by the Germans as opportunities for the victor to wave his flag in the face of the vanquished. Such topics as "United States History from John Smith to Abraham Lincoln" reeled off in an hour or "Journalism in America" in another hour in no way satisfied the footnote-loving German university students searching through their ruins for a stone, a leaf, a door. "Since you have no culture, you are not detained long in telling of it," was the usual German reaction to this kind of thing.

Our group, having felt at close hand the cold effects of such antagonisms, planned to meet the Germans in the field of scholarship where they have always

considered themselves second to none. In the late fall of 1946, with German professor friends, we discussed a survey course in American literature to be offered to the students of Goethe University, one of the really great institutions in Central Europe. Our evenings together were marked by a most heartening transcending of narrow nationalistic motives all around. German and American alike were intent upon finding in American writings the warm flesh-and-blood story of the human family pioneering a civilization across 5,000 kilometers of wilderness. The chronicle of human resilience and educability and of ingenuity on the physical and social frontiers; the eternal struggle to contain institutions and define the rights of individuals; the assimilation of conglomerate peoples; the triumphs and declines of democratic ideals in the hands of popularly elected leaders—these were facets of the American story which absorbed all of us during our planning sessions.

In outlining for the professors of the English seminar our approach to students and to subject matter, we proposed to regard literature as, generally, the recorded experiences of men under the influence of their times. It is essential, we thought, for students to hear literature as the voices of living, striving people and to apply the wisdom they find in literature to the shaping and continual reshaping of their own personal outlooks. Proposing extensive oral readings to catch the nuances the creators intended, we satisfied the professors that we, too, were interested in the aesthetic qualities of literature. However, for general students an unwarranted emphasis upon belletrism and the isolation of literature from the life and times of its creators is an educational luxury in this chaotic era. One might be closer to the spirit of the

classics, we suggested, if he approached education with the maxim that what is learned ought to be appraised for its current value by students of each generation—or of each decade. Ludwig Lewisohn had said that a classic is a writer who has left certain works “which the youth of each generation can by some instinctive and passionate reinterpretation make its own.”

To determine some sort of semester grade, we proposed to assess the students' comprehension of the subject by asking for personal essays written by the class after impacts with the literature. With this device, we believed we could discover students' evaluations of ideas in literature in the light of *their* experiences. As evidence, we showed the professors a file of similar essays drawn from New York University freshmen out of their collisions with ideas.

The subject of rapport between the lecturer, recently from the American Air Force, and the students, recently from the ranks of the Wehrmacht or the Youth movements, went unmentioned. We all knew that the lecturer would be tolerated only if he were more interested in the story of human evolution inherent in our segment of world letters than he was in scolding, frontally or by insinuation, the students for the sins of their elders. We knew, too, that he would influence human beings in the throes of ethical reorganization only if he drew the fundamental humanism out of the literature and avoided a propagandist's justification of all the currents in American life.

Even though German students are accustomed to Oxford conditions of heat in their institutions, Goethe University, splintered and shattered, its Gothic windows covered with boards through which

snow drifted into the Great Hall, was uninhabitable in December, 1946. Teaching quarters were therefore cleared out for us in the bowels of the American Information Center. The Center, having been a Nazi engineering headquarters, had a large, circular subterranean vault. The (unverified) word was that plans for one of the concentration camps had been conceived and safeguarded in this room, recently whitewashed—a fitting place to begin a survey of the evolution of democracy.

My impressions of that first class meeting are among the strongest of five years' teaching in Europe. There, under a dim light which hung from the low ceiling, most of the men were still wearing their Wehrmacht uniforms with little more removed than their chevrons or shoulder straps; many of them had salvaged their high black boots which we had seen in the newsreels trampling over Europe. Some of the students wore suits and overcoats made of dyed American Army blankets with the “US” showing through. Those with tobacco were smoking to keep their hands warm. Someone had opened a parcel of sandwiches. There was the smell of wurst and garlic mixed with wet wool and leather. It was a good, earthy smell, and, as I opened the class with a reading of parts of Benét's *Western Star*, I thought that the smells in that vault must have been similar to those in the taverns of early seventeenth-century English port towns when other groups were on the edge of pioneering ventures.

As the course got under way, the students were understandably suspicious about entering into frank discussion with an *Ausländer*. They were not, however, sitting in class merely to get relief from the cold two hours each week. Statements and loaded questions which they

tried out on me now and then were radiations from a rich source of opinion. The challenge was to draw out frankness and to avoid a catch of platitudes, self-chastisement, or affectation of good will toward "our generous conquerors"—something to please the professor and, more important, to keep the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps from prowling through the university. Those students most hostile to the circumstances of the class having soon gone away, our task was to raise the most cautious of the remaining sixty or seventy members to the level, as Goethe defined it, "where hatred among nations is lost completely, where the observer stands so to speak above all nations and from where he feels fortune and woe of a neighboring nation as if it had encountered his own." To get such attitudes, free from fear and inhibition, I asked that their first papers be left unsigned.

Derogatory comparisons and mild condescensions in the early writing were, in our opinion, indications of growth, but with the brakes on:

Tradition is European . . . and it includes the ideas of a long, long time. Tradition means sticking to things your father also stood for. It does not mean a belief in religion from today or the running after every new and striking idea. . . . It does not mean a wooden house which can be torn away or an apartment for only a short time. No, it means stone houses which may last hundreds of years. . . . The contrary to all this is in a sentence of Benét: "Americans are always moving on."

The Americans seem to design with the word Literature things which do not deserve this name when compared with what we call so in Europe. . . . The names of great politicians Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln bear so great a share in [Hubbell's *American Life in Literature*], but I find in it little poesy. I must concede that the American people had little time for philosophy or literature, but why, then, call it so? . . . The political origins

of the American national literature are very strange to me, for in our *great* literature we have no political tendencies. I do not regard democracy as an ideal form of government, but as the least detestable one.

Benét is not poetical; I found his poem [*Western Star*] full of disharmonies, filled with abrupt and rude speaking, too realistic, too much containing human feebleness and sins. . . . Benét is on the side of honest, but not poetical report. . . . But what if history becomes a false legend by way of the poetical view—if honesty and poetical beauty and greatness are separated? Art then has effected a silly and mean pride in the minds. Here is a dilemma. . . . I am not quite clear about the way out of it.

Here is a sly remark on American naïveté:

We heard you say in your lecture: "The seventeenth century when America was settled was an awfully long time ago." We citizens of a town which was a cultural center and big market place during the whole Middle Ages, we do not think three hundred years are so awfully long.

Coming generally from old families of Frankfurt and of Greater Hesse, the students were interested in an account of their ancestors in the American Revolution. Certain entries in the journals kept by Hessian soldiers amused the class, particularly the accounts of some American officers plying their trade as boot-makers while in bivouac, General Schuyler's entertaining Baroness von Riedesel, and numerous Germans deserting to live with the Indians rather than return to Hanau or Kassel, Hauptmann Weiderhold, a forefather of Frau Weiderhold of the class, brought on a riot of laughter with his notes on Hessian officers entertaining the ladies of Virginia with "tea, claret, and chocolate," adding that "some of the American young gentlemen were jealous." Here was the current American Hershey bar fraternization in reverse!

This moment of laughter, incidentally,

was salutary; it may have been a turning point in our affairs. Those old journals had pointed out more clearly to all of us the humanness of humans the world over, and from then on our relationships assumed a less formal quality. In conversations and papers many of the students mentioned their relatives in America. Often they brought up, indirectly, the question of why Cousin Ernest of Cincinnati, now a soldier on Occupation duty, was such a different individual from the Frankfurt branch of his family from whom he had been separated only a generation or two:

What is this to be an American? To belong to a population which is a mixture of men? When I was a PW, I made the acquaintance of many American soldiers. One said, My name is French. And another, Sure I am British. And a third had a mother who was born in Germany. The fourth himself was born somewhere in Europe. What is this that makes them feel like Americans?

Not all Germans admired our hybridism. Americans in the first postwar days were reminded in various ways that Hitler had told his Youth our melting-pot ideal was mongrelism. This girl's concluding understatement, nevertheless, indicates that innate human decency often transcends theories superimposed:

During my years of my Jungmädel [a Hitler girls' organization] we did not speak of the brotherhood of mankind, but rather of Germany and the Germans. That meant something to me, while I wondered what I might have in common with a savage of Africa or Australia. . . . It is good that the war was not over when we had conquered the whole of Europe. We should then have become too overbearing.

Thomas Jefferson, whom they had not actually known, increased the political literacy of the class to some extent. They regarded him as the most provocative American before Emerson. Thoroughly sensitive to the connotations of European

history, the students threw the proper light on Jefferson as a contemporary of one of their most notable nests of tyrants—Frederick II, Louis XVI, George III, and Catherine II. The class marveled at the political philosophies which Jefferson was able to digest and apply, but, with perspectives sharpened by broad reading and deepening pessimism, they would not agree with Jefferson's reasons for his own successes:

The fact that all the people of a country do not have one opinion in policy is a strength that only a rich country can afford.

The American's optimism can be attributed to the fact that there was so much space on the frontier overseas that a neighbor was not a man against whom you had to defend your individuality.

Europe, with its experiences from Catiline to Hitler, is skeptical [of] Jefferson's opinion that Man is good and that if he only knows the good, he will do so. It is admirable optimism. But it is not true!

Jefferson's tolerance of those who would "dissolve this Union or change its republican form," expressed in the First Inaugural Address, the students declared entirely impractical in their world:

Our new constitution of Hesse has accepted the principle, "No liberty for the enemies of liberty."

Democracy has, for the sake of all humanity, the holy duty to preserve its own existence. Why should we allow a group of resolute filibusterers to annihilate our fundamental forms of social life.

From a student of law came this penetrating remark in 1947 about a matter which has needed all of us during these past five years:

I would deeply regret if the optimism that is expressed in Jefferson's words were now so weak in his own country that the present Bill against the Communists should prove successful in the Congress.

In the spring we left the vault and moved into the renovated Great Hall of the University. That July we read Parts II, III, and IV of the "Harvard Ode." Lowell, of course, read this in July, 1865, before *his* audience, which also included discharged soldiers returning to their university to re-examine values to live by. The "Ode" posed sharp questions to all of us young men reading together in the midst of chaos: What were the things I personally fought for, and would fight for again, and would teach my children to fight for? Which of these things are succeeding and which are failing? What is my present direction, what is my guide, and how shall I proceed?

The papers written after Lowell were grim. We had known, of course, that the war, Nietzsche, and Professor Jasper's existentialism had not increased Emersonianism in Germany. But beginning at the very ebb tide of their morale and often baring the sterile ugliness of that stage, some of these men and women "by some reinterpretation" of the wisdom in literature, were slowly rising again:

The fragment of shell which hit me destroyed not only my feet; my whole conception of Truth was destroyed too.

I have spent too much strength in being *against* things to feel now much enthusiasm for anything.

French liberalism and faith in the "progress of civilization" have seduced mankind to overvalue themselves.

I was born in 1925. . . . My school, the Youth movement, and the Army told me that, to find truth, one had only to listen to the Fuehrer and his subalterns. . . . One day all things collapsed around me. . . .

It has been most distressing to see, in these years, how Germany has become unloyal to many of her own ideas, to create which her best sons have striven all their lives throughout the centuries.

Two students of pedagogy drew a sharp bead on some of the elder members of their profession:

Why do we still have, apparently, the best universities of the nineteenth century!

Many German professors and teachers are of the opinion that the very shortcoming of our generation is that we have no fundamental education in liberal arts and no metaphysical scheme to act according to. . . . After the first World War, similar principles were expressed in Germany. Where did they lead us? The working people could not see any solution to their urgent problems in the professors' utterances about liberal arts; therefore they were driven to side with Hitler's slogans. . . . The professors have not yet found the essence of our modern times; they do not yet see that the man in the street has essential problems and needs practical help.

Certain of the students were breaking out of their intellectual isolation and finding new stones against which to grind their own thinking down to its hard core. Here and there among the writing was evidence that a refreshed, resilient spirit was moving off:

As I know very little of what wise men deem right (this being my first semester) I ought not to pass judgment on what they have thought and taught. Yet it seems to me as if one chief point were neglected: *Humanity is to be lived rather than to be explored.*

Truth is something which a man begins to lose with the very moment that he starts to be enthusiastic and abandons his very own skepticism and criticism.

I must achieve the capacity for that well-beloved belly-laugh about Mankind and institutions apart from *good and bad*.

Speaking and listening to foreign students in an underground vault or in a bomb-wracked university, away from the nice aids to education and the "youthfulness of youth," which we like to have around us in America, tightens up a man's convictions on the teaching of lit-

erature: In the implementation of the Preamble of UNESCO, the abiding philosophy of education in our time, *all* teachers in *all* classrooms on earth belong in the vanguard. But teachers of literature, holding a key to the vital record of

creative men, have the particular obligation to move students of all ages toward evaluating the wisdom inherent in literature and toward making personal applications of that wisdom to the needs of living in this day and in the next.

Teaching Freshman Composition

KEITH RINEHART¹

WHEN I first began teaching freshman composition in 1946 my qualifications were a dimly remembered M.A. course in philosophy, completed in 1941 before the interim of the war, and a willingness to help out with the tide of veterans then swamping the universities. "Anyone with a reasonably good college education can teach freshman English," the department head informed me. Later he told me, "I've gone beyond the bottom of the barrel in my search for composition teachers." It wasn't long before I concluded that perhaps he really had, and then under the compulsion that distinguishes the philosophic mind, professionally trained, I began to ask questions of myself and others. What is English composition? And what, within the framework of modern collegiate pedagogical theory and practice, is it for?

The course taught in this small western university was a fairly good one. The classwork depended mainly on an exercise book prepared by a prewar regular staff member. This book was remarkable for long lists of mature and interesting sentences, culled mainly from modern English and American prose. The student's work consisted of putting two or more sentences together by means of

various subordinating and co-ordinating devices: the adverb clause, the adjective clause, the noun clause, the co-ordinating conjunction, the conjunctive adverb, and the verbal phrases. Its connection with theme-writing, which was the main objective of the course, was that it forced familiarity with the rhythm and structure of the well-developed sentence, a familiarity which through repetition penetrated to an almost subconscious level in the students' minds. After a few weeks' exposure to intensive grammar exercise of this sort, our students began writing mature sentences in their themes. Sometimes, it is true, these sentences had little connection with one another, but that was hardly the fault of the grammar book.

As I recall, one of our main difficulties in composition at this university was to distinguish primary and secondary sources. (Our freshmen were required to write two different types of papers as major projects in the first and second quarters of the term.) Secondary-source papers, required in the first quarter, were fairly easily described. "Use books and periodical articles as authorities," we told our students. "An authority is someone who knows something about the subject you wish to deal with."

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"What do we do in our papers?" a brighter student would sometimes ask.

"Yours is the organization of the paper," we replied. The result, as might have been expected by more experienced teachers, was long essays half-quoted and half-paraphrased from "authorities." It was much if a student had a proper introduction and steered his theme toward a proper expository conclusion. And sometimes a student found authorities who provided even for the introduction and conclusion of his paper.

To explain primary sources was more of a problem. "In primary-source papers you gather your own information," we said. "Go notice and classify the trees on the campus"—ours was a university with a strong forestry school. "Take a poll of opinion," we advised. "Don't go near the library; or, if you do, remember that the books there are only the raw material of your research, not the source of your opinions." The brighter student would ask us about the mechanics of the public opinion poll or the intellectual equipment necessary to deal with books as raw material. In an hour period we would try to give him a rapid survey of the technique of statistical inquiry—the necessity of the impersonal, objective, and uniform approach and the consequent unreliability of the results of failing to heed any of these requirements. For an hour's discourse, we thought it was a pretty good treatment of the subject. But our students turned in primary-source papers in which, for example, the consensus of the townsfolk was reported to be predominantly Republican, though we had Democrats in all city and county offices and had sent Democrats to both houses of Congress. The students had failed to grasp, in four or five minutes' time, the significance of the representative sample. The books-as-raw-material

papers were, of course, in worse confusion; for authority, do what we could to suppress it, remained with us.

Nothing daunted—nothing daunts the young, inexperienced, and earnest composition teacher—we also gave brief lectures on the tools of intellectual order: the definition, the classification, the analysis, the comparison and contrast, the inductive method, the basic forms of argument, and even the categorical, hypothetical, and disjunctive syllogisms. Moreover, we were bound to expositions of ideas and explained to our students that the liberal arts and social sciences offer more scope for this type of exposition than the scientific, business, and technical courses do. We taught that the object of an exposition of an idea is to arrive at a value judgment. A value judgment, we said, is essentially moralizing on a sound intellectual basis—"this is good; that is bad." To our discourses on logic and scientific method, in short, we added a little ethics.

Often we had good papers, for we were dealing with experienced and disciplined student-veterans. But usually the good students were good before we got them, and the poor students were sometimes lost before the second week of the quarter. "If two or three out of a class of twenty-five show improvement," we said, "we should be content." We, too, were gaining experience.

After two years I left this first instructorship to become a graduate assistant in English at a large midwestern university. The professor in charge of us (there were some seventy-five assistants in the department at this time, most of whom had never taught before) announced that freshman English is a course in how to think. "What does it matter if a student uses a bit of irregular grammar?" he continued. "One must as-

sess the situation in which such grammar may be proper." His thought coincided with my practice; I had not had much time to think of grammar in the one-man university I had been trying to run.

He reminded us that freshman composition teachers were, in a sense, the university's ambassadors to the entering students, because almost all the freshmen were required to take composition and almost all would get their first university grades on their first freshman themes.

"Hit them hard at first," one wise assistant advised me. "They become more docile with sledge-hammer tactics. You can ease up on them later." So I added the shaping-up process to my special fields of grammar, logic, and ethics. In my class, freshmen were to be taught to work like college students and not to dawdle along in high school fashion.

A mimeographed sheet, handed out by the professor in charge of freshman English, contained another bit of information. It was a list of statements signed by the deans of the various colleges and schools and directed to the new freshmen. It explained why freshman composition is a required course in this university. The deans pointed out that *their* schools, not the English department, required the course; they required it so that students could learn to write essay examinations, reports, and term papers with some degree of cogency and coherence. I read this and felt that I now knew why freshman composition is a required course: administrators had found that, without composition, students couldn't think effectively.

As I continued my graduate studies, now an English major instead of a philosophy major, I became aware that man is not, and perhaps ought not to be, all intellect. His nature has an emotional side. I learned that language is a natural

growth—the invention, tool, and delight of man. I decided that my repertoire of subject matter needed for teaching freshman English should be enlarged to include the psychology of man, or man as an amphibious creature, more emotional than intellectual. To the grammatical, logical, and ethical discourses, I then added the rhetorical. Themes must henceforth delight as well as instruct. Student writers must recognize their fellow-man for what he is; their papers must include action, suspense, character, dialogue, figure, and rhythm. In their exposition of ideas, they must seek for profound thought, simplicity of style, suitability of tone, and narrative interest. It is the emotions of man, after all, that make the liberal arts liberal. Humanity and civilization depend upon the fostering of these arts; our thin red corrections became a vital link in man's age-old struggle against brutal nature. We were told, and we told our students, that we were a main line of defense against atomic warfare! Neither physics nor civil defense had developed an adequate material protection against the A-bomb. What was needed, and what we were trying to provide, was understanding and communication among men. With this goal achieved, the danger that physics had wrought, the liberal arts would avert.

With such a weight of responsibilities, practical and academic, I found that freshman composition is not an easy course to teach. In addition to the fact that in it one must deal with assurance on the most minute and sometimes inexact of topics, such as the position of a comma in a sentence or the proper location of an adverbial modifier, he must be able to range through such airy and sometimes vague subjects as the United Nations, democracy, the American way

of life, symphony versus "be-bop," communism, atomic warfare, evolution, Hegelian dialectic, and the meaning in modern art. For one cannot teach composition in a vacuum; one must think about something if he is to teach a course in the art of thinking.

I began to see, when I examined this list of subjects, that I would have to think mainly about the social sciences, for the greater number of papers showed an interest in them. Of course, my own major interest lay in literature. It may seem strange that my students preferred the social studies when, in our reading assignments, I seized avidly those that dealt with literary topics—when I preferred Aldous Huxley to John Dewey. Here was a cleavage of interests which, I found, could be bridged only by widening my own knowledge, for I was unable to persuade the students to widen theirs. Indeed, I think some of them consciously avoided literary subjects in their themes because they sensed that, as a potential expert in the field, I might be more than usually penetrating and "destructive" in my criticism.

Thus, I found that instructors in freshman composition need a sizable collection of subject-matter fields, skills, and philosophical theory. If we cannot master them, at least we must make their acquaintance. As if this were not enough, our method of teaching is mainly indirect; we do not try to tell the student what he should be thinking about and how he should be thinking about it, so much as we try to evoke from him the proper thought and expression on a topic of his own choice. We cannot control the topic under discussion as the lecturer does; we can say of few subjects that they are beyond the boundaries of the course because we are not so much imparting knowledge as the ability to think.

The student has the initiative—if, as in some cases, he doesn't, we must inspire it in him. We act as negative poles toward which he shoots his sparks of thought. We must take on all comers. To acquire such universal knowledge, we need the wisdom of serpents; and to beguile the student into clear, frank, simple, and effective expression of his ideas, the harmlessness of doves. Too often, when our inexperience attempts to cope with the magnitude of our job, it turns out the other way around.

For it is a big job. We introduce the freshman to university standards; we try to convey in capsule form enough of such traditional thought of the ages (formerly required in whole curriculums of classical literature and philosophy) for him to emerge clear-eyed in a confused world. We try to correct the "progressive" tendencies of former high school students who have learned to prefer social studies to foreign languages, journalism to literature, and extra-curricular activities to grammar. We try to correct the "specialized" tendencies of colleges and universities which have preferred these same objectives in higher education. Because this is what it means to teach a student to write and to read intelligently; this is what it means to teach him to think. It is a job that would tax the modesty of an emeritus professor.

The university has turned over to us, its youngest, most inexperienced teachers, the course most important for the student's educational life both within and beyond the college walls. Our course is the nucleus to which all other college courses are added. If we fail in our jobs, if we fail to teach the freshman how to think, others are helpless; for they can't get at him, unless, of course, he has learned to think for himself.

Why do the deans place such responsibility on us? Perhaps because our energy is better able to meet and withstand the energy of freshmen, as young soldiers are said to be better able to meet and withstand the shock of combat. Perhaps because like young soldiers we are too simple to know any better, too naïve to shrink from attempting the impossible.

Lately, with the experience of five years of composition behind me, and a sixth under way, I have been wondering what to do about the freshman composi-

tion problem. I am not so sanguine as I once was that I can be all things, academically speaking, to freshmen who wish to learn to think. Nor do I feel that my energy is as endless as it seemed in 1946. I am aware that until I reach an academic position where I am no longer required to teach composition, college administrators are likely to pay little heed to whatever advice I can give them. My reform, if it takes place at all, must be entirely personal; I think I'll go back to grammar.

NCTE Election Notice

In accordance with the constitution of the National Council of Teachers of English, the Board of Directors at its meeting last Thanksgiving Day chose Marion C. Sheridan, Harold A. Anderson, Robert C. Pooley, Angela M. Broening, and Mark Neville as a Nominating Committee to propose officers for 1953. Through Marion Sheridan, the chairman, the committee offers these nominees:

For President: HARLEN M. ADAMS, Chico, California

For First Vice-President: LOU LABRANT, School of Education, New York University

For Second Vice-President: BLANCHE TREZEVANT, Florida State University

For Secretary-Treasurer: W. WILBUR HATFIELD, Chicago, Illinois

For Directors-at-Large: NEAL CROSS, Division of the Humanities, Colorado State College of Education, Greeley, Colorado; ADELAIDE CUNNINGHAM, Roosevelt High School, Atlanta, Georgia; C. WAYNE HALL, MacDonald College of McGill University, Quebec, Canada; JAMES H. MASON, Arkansas State College, Jonesboro, Arkansas; FANNIE JANE RAGLAND, Cincinnati Public Schools, Cincinnati, Ohio; MARGARETE TEER, Laboratory School, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

This slate will be presented for action at the meeting of the Board next November. Other nomination(s) may be made by petition(s) signed by twenty Directors of the Council and presented to the Secretary of the Council, with the written consent of the nominee(s), before August 16. When Dr. Sheridan moves the election of the committee's nominees, other nominations may be made by members of the Board.

Round Table

HENRY JAMES AND THE SOPHOMORE

To the extent that Arthur L. Scott's "A Protest against the James Vogue" in the January *College English* is an attack on the novels of Henry James as novels, no reply is necessary. Because none of the charges he brings against James is new, an adequate defense is already in print for each indictment. What makes Mr. Scott's essay unique is his somewhat cautious approach. He suggests that even if James's novels do stand up under critical attack and even if one in twenty of his "academic friends" does appreciate them, they should not be taught to college sophomores. The real subject of controversy is thus the novels of James as teaching materials. They are too difficult for the average sophomore, says Mr. Scott, and, instead of instilling a love of literature in the student, they estrange him from literature.

The standards upon which Mr. Scott bases this assumption are typical of the arguments with which numerous writers, in *College English* and elsewhere, have been urging a retreat or capitulation before the competition of new media of mass entertainment. For example, John C. Bushman in the December *College English* says that teachers of literature "are under obligation to be on familiar terms with contemporary mass entertainment." The implication of the essays by both Scott and Bushman is that the function of the English teacher is to arouse a love of literature in his students and that this may be accomplished best (most often) by adhering to the dramatic values which the students have learned to appreciate through their familiarity with subliterate arts. Mr. Scott says that in our battle with new media of entertainment our old weapons are blunt and useless. Henry James, for instance, is "an author who has *never*, during

the last eighty years, warmed as many hearts as have a score of writers who are second rate by almost any standards." The obvious corollary of this statement, that the power to warm the *most* hearts is precisely a standard of second-rate literature, seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Scott.

"To warm the most hearts"—this standard of greatness in literature reflects a critical viewpoint which the exponents of capitulation seem to have in common. The teacher, they suggest, should present literature as primarily a form of communication; the more complete and the more extensive the communication, the greater the literature. By turning about some of Mr. Scott's objections to Henry James, we may see that his other criteria fit within the literature-as-communication pattern. The novel should contain "action . . . excitement . . . adventure"; the characters should have a broad general appeal; the reader should be able to identify himself with the main characters; the style should be simple and natural; the novel should touch upon "the burning issues of the day"; it should contain evidence of a sense of humor; it must "lay bare the underlying motives of life"; the society depicted should be that of the lower or middle classes because the passions of the poor are more "complete" and "natural" than the passions of the wealthy or the fashionable; and so on.

Let us admit that these are virtues of literature. The question, however, is whether or not they are the only virtues. And this depends on whether or not there is more than one kind of life. Certainly, James was a nonparticipator in the only kind of life most of us know, and his characters, many of them self-portraits, are far from typical or representative of the average man. Yet, if we were to admit that the novelist can be expected to depict only the life he knows best,

that the life of the fashionable person is as real as the life of the middle-class businessman, that there is mental as well as physical action and excitement, that wit is a form of humor, that conscience is an underlying motive of life, that the heart may be warmed by unselfish awareness as well as by outspoken sentiment or poetic justice, and so on, then Henry James meets Mr. Scott's criteria of the great novelist.

But apparently Mr. Scott would not accept these premises. The conflict might be expressed in a different way. Opposed to literature as a medium of communication is literature as an expression of personal vision. Like communication itself, an art based upon communication is kinetic, and its values, the attainment of desire, are physical rewards and prizes. The Jamesian point of view—like the point of view of Thoreau, Proust, Flaubert, Joyce, and other artists—is essentially static. Seeing things rather than getting things, being rather than doing, is the usual "success" of the Jamesian character. The ethics of the Jamesian observer are simply awareness and nonacquisition, knowledge and appreciation of the fine and beautiful in both life and art, with no gain or profit in a material sense. Self-realization through vision is the motivation which determines the actions of Isabel Archer, Fleda Vetch, and Lambert Strether, the three characters whom Mr. Scott cites as the prime examples of James's unresolved and unfathomable "fine consciences." Strether says that to be "right" he must not "get" anything; a reward would turn his unselfishness into acquisitiveness.

Obviously, this is an impractical point of view, and one very difficult to teach. But is not the "awareness" attained by the Jamesian character something very similar to that ideal which we teachers of the humanities have been upholding as the value of a liberal education as opposed to the more practical rewards of a scientific or vocational education? Is the present time, when we are reaping the harvest of centuries of acquisitive values and expedient ethics, the time to admit defeat?

I have never taught Henry James to sophomores. But my one pedagogical experience with James might illustrate my conviction that the literature of personal vision has a place in the modern university. Several years ago a freshman girl in one of my composition classes submitted a plagiarized theme. She was intelligent, sophisticated, and lazy. Instead of applying the established punishment, immediate expulsion from the course, I told her that she could, if she wished, read James's *Ambassadors* and write a paper, twice the length of the plagiarized one, on "The Ethics of Lambert Strether." I would do nothing to help her, and she was to use no criticism by others. I expected little from the experiment, but I felt that the punishment fitted the crime. During the last week of the semester she submitted a long paper, the best she had written all term, in which she correctly interpreted the conclusion of the novel—in defiance of the "two generations of readers" mentioned by Mr. Scott—and showed clearly that she found James's ethics a beautiful revelation in a world where she had been taught that "getting things" was both the means and the yardstick of success, the theory upon which she had justified her plagiarism. For the first time in her life this young lady had thought for herself and produced some work thoroughly original. She had also seen and been convinced of the validity of that "life" depicted by Henry James, the notorious nonparticipator in life.

Granted, I did not teach Henry James to this girl; she taught herself. But I did expose her to James, and I suspect that, if I presented him to an entire class, there would be a few similar results. And I believe that having a few successes like this would count more than raising the reading tastes of a hundred students from the comic books to the *Saturday Evening Post*, a type of attainment which usually takes care of itself, if only because the student who has to struggle with any great writer is usually too proud to bounce back more than halfway.

Every teacher must be concerned about the challenge of the popular arts, but the

challenge calls for battle rather than surrender. Our weapons may be blunt and unwieldy, but they are the only ones we can use without giving in to the enemy. I am skeptical of the attempt to compete with a Cecil B. DeMille epic, a Lloyd C. Douglas romance, or a Mickey Spillane thriller on their own terms of spectacle, heart-warming sentiment, and excitement. If these are to become our main criteria of literature, we might just as well retreat all the way and begin teaching the "art" of the DeMille epic or the Spillane thriller instead of stopping halfway with Somerset Maugham, the only novelist whom Mr. Scott places against James. If, on the other hand, we hold to the old-fashioned notion that literature is a greater form of art than the movies or television and that the vision of the artist is aesthetically superior to that of the average man, let us emphasize more than ever those qualities which distinguish the great work of literature from all inferior forms. In such a program Henry James would have a place.

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HESTER THE HERETIC

In his recent article on "Hawthorne's Hester" in *College English* (March, 1952), Mr. Darrel Abel forcefully attacks all modern "romantic" criticism of *The Scarlet Letter* and effectively argues that Hawthorne intended Hester "to exhibit the inadequacy of the philosophy . . . of romantic individualism." Since he particularly attacks me as "the most recent and immoderate advocate of Hester," I am naturally moved to reply. But more important than any personal disagreement, it seems to me, are three cardinal sins of criticism which are exemplified in Mr. Abel's article.

The first sin which Mr. Abel commits—and which many orthodox and catholic critics also commit—is to deny the possible truth of any "moral ideas" other than his own. Mr. Abel attacks all critics who "repudiate the doctrine of a supernatural ethical

absolute" as rejecting "both the authority of God . . . and . . . of society." And he ends by praising "the moral ideas which give man his tragic dignity." But the central argument of most of those critics whom he attacks is that the rejection of a "supernatural ethical absolute" does not imply the rejection of "the authority of God" or of "moral ideas" but only the rejection of an exclusive concept of "God" and of a particular set of moral ideas. What Mr. Abel really does is to call his opponents heretics. And his real argument is that Hawthorne presented Hester as a kind of heretic. For this argument he makes an excellent case.

The second sin which Mr. Abel commits is to lump all his opponents into one category of "romantic individualists." Then he quotes the most extreme and doubtful statements of each and imputes each to all. Thus, for instance, he imputes to me (as the most "immoderate" romantic) the opinion of John Erskine (which Mr. Erskine elsewhere qualified) that Dimmesdale considered his love for Hester "sacred." This is not only unfair but (to an author) profoundly discouraging. The major purpose of my article ("Scarlet A Minus" in *College English*, January, 1944) was to distinguish sharply between the "romantic" interpretation of *The Scarlet Letter* (with which I disagreed) and the "transcendental" or liberal interpretation. But Mr. Abel never mentions this distinction, nor does he mention any of the qualifications which any of his "romantic" opponents have made. Every interpretation which is not catholic becomes, to him, "romantic." (Incidentally, Professor C. C. Walcutt of Queens College read a major paper before the December, 1951, meeting of the MLA which distinguished clearly still other critical interpretations of Hawthorne's masterpiece.)

The third sin which Mr. Abel commits is to attack and ridicule one criticism of Hawthorne, without ever answering it. Of course, there would be no obligation to answer if he had merely ignored it. But: "Hester's champion [Professor Carpenter] presumes [Does not every critic "presume"?] to rebuke

her creator for abusing her." My argument was that Hawthorne condemned ("abused"?) Hester consciously but that subconsciously he created so sympathetic a character that the modern reader admires her and often disagrees with "her creator" in his moralistic condemnations of her. Moreover, I quoted passages (some of which other critics had quoted before) to document the argument that Hawthorne the daemonic creator and Hawthorne the conscious moralist were not exactly the same "person." But Mr. Abel, although describing Hawthorne's conscious, moralistic intentions clearly and fully, never notices the evidence of daemonic or subconscious creation or answers the argument which he ridicules.

Clear and forceful interpretations, such as Mr. Abel offers, are admirable. But it is not admirable merely to damn all critics with whose ideas you disagree. It is not fair to ignore the distinctions and qualifications made by such critics, especially when you quote extensively from them. And it is not convincing to ridicule an opponent without attempting to answer his arguments.

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THE OPEN-BOOK VOCABULARY TEST

Recent classroom experience in a college reading laboratory indicates that the open-book vocabulary test, preceded by proper preparation, produces better learning qualitatively and quantitatively than traditional methods of vocabulary drill implying memorization, night-before cramming, and multiple-choice quizzes.

Easy to manage, the multiple-choice quiz emphasizes synonyms and antonyms. But a reader requires a recognition vocabulary developed from ideas, not from synonyms—ideas which are recognizable in variegated contexts. Confronted with ideas and not with synonyms when he faces a printed page, he should have had practice

in locating and distinguishing them and not in culling out synonyms.

Would it not, then, be more prudent for the student to practice stretching words into extended meanings rather than recollecting yesterday's "sames" and opposites? My dictionary, for example, lists the following synonyms:

1. *abject*—mean
2. *adamant*—inflexible
3. *bucolic*—rural
4. *cajole*—coax
5. *cogent*—valid

True, the student is not exposed in class only to these synonyms, but he is exposed, generally, to these synonyms in testing; soon he finds himself face to face with the following:

1. *abject*: (a) low, (b) high, (c) target, (d) mean, (e) criticize
2. *adamant*: (a) inflexible, (b) talkative, (c) rich, (d) kind, (e) ill
3. *bucolic*: (a) vegetating, (b) rural, (c) urbane, (d) childish, (e) young
4. *cajole*: (a) widen, (b) hope, (c) coax, (d) perceive, (e) console
5. *cogent*: (a) partner, (b) wet, (c) important, (d) valid, (e) influential

If the synonym of *abject* is "mean," certainly the *idea* of the word is extended:

abject: an adjective which describes the condition of being either poor, or in poor condition, or without hope. Also, deserving scorn because of this situation.

Also:

adamant: an adjective which indicates the quality of being too hard to cut, or to break, thus, in regard to people, too firm in opinion to alter, quality of not being convince-able. Also, because a person can't be convinced, the quality of stubbornness.

bucolic: an adjective, originally referred to shepherds, but meaning also anything rural or rustic. Because many people from the country were "taken in" by the "city slickers," the word also indicates a naiveté, a slowness to learn, or stupidity.

cajole: a verb which means to persuade by using pleasant words, or "sugary" language, including flattery. Because of the intention to use pleasant words, there is an indication of insincerity and false promises.

cogent: an adjective referring to convincingness, strong in reference to common sense or reason, not physical strength, a quality referring to truth or actuality, because what is convincing is so because it appears true or valid.

Too often, it seems to this writer, multiple-choice tests examine the "synonymosity" of the student rather than his ability to recognize extended ideas. The following program including an open-book examination has been prepared, therefore, to supply practice in extending ideas rather than in suggesting synonyms. It approaches a test of ideas rather than a test of words.

Classroom instruction in vocabulary training is conceived as having five stages of operation, the examination itself merely being one of a series. A list of words arranged in alphabetical order is selected by the instructor and given to each student.¹ These words are used by adults to imply ideas rather than to point to objects or facts; one finds on the list, therefore, a predominance of adjectives and verbs.

First the teacher pronounces and defines each word; the student looks at the word as it is pronounced and defined. Here the auditory and the visual senses reinforce each other. The student does not write down the definitions given by the teacher; he merely listens and looks. Then the instructor illustrates each word, giving at least two illustrations within the context of student experience. "Lampoon," for example, means to make fun of, to ridicule, to burlesque something, using the style of the thing being made fun of. "Old soldiers never die; they just fade away" is an old military saying. Someone has burlesqued that saying with "Old teachers never die;

they just grade away." Also, the bucolic splendor of Wordsworth's "the simple annals of the poor" has been burlesqued into "the simple flannels of the poor." The teacher is able to "handle" twenty-five words in twenty-five minutes or less.

Next, the students look up these words in their own dictionaries.² Done in class, the task allows supervision by the teacher and meditation of differences between dictionary and student. *Each student writes in his own words* the definition of all twenty-five words. The words being arranged alphabetically, the teacher being constantly available, and the items having been just defined and illustrated, the task of writing down the definitions of twenty-five words requires about fifteen to twenty minutes. A by-product of this procedure is, of course, the opportunity for class practice in the use of the dictionary. Within forty-five minutes the students have heard twenty-five words pronounced,³ defined, and illustrated; they have located them in a dictionary; and they have written down the meanings *in their own words*. The latter requires some thought, not memory, on the part of the students.

Third, at the following class meeting,⁴ an *open-book examination* is given, a test set up to provide under uniform conditions the opportunity to *think about* ideas conveyed by words. Each student has in front of him a list of words containing his own definitions. Twenty statements are read by the instructor, giving a reasonable time between statements for the student to inspect his list to determine a connection between the statement and a particular word on the list. The statements do *not* define the words; they only refer to them—

² A word from a previous list.

³ The *Thorndyke-Barnhart Dictionary* (1951) is very useful.

⁴ Many students complain that they cannot learn words which they cannot pronounce or at least hear pronounced.

⁵ The class meets two times a week in 1½-hour sessions.

¹ An excellent list of five hundred words appears in Norman Lewis, *How To Read Better and Faster* (New York: Crowell, 1950).

the student is required to think of possible connections, to think of similarities, not synonyms. Only twenty statements are given in order to eliminate "no-other-choice" selections on the list containing twenty-five definitions. For example:

1. *abject*: In India the population is large and the food supply is small and conditions seem hopeless, deplorable.
2. *adamant*: "No use trying to change my mind; I believe what I believe."
3. *bucolic*: City manners and morals are not always understood by those who have spent most of their lives on farms or in small towns.
4. *cajole*: "Dad—you certainly did a fine job in the garden. . . . Why it must have taken a lot of time and patience. . . . Where did you get all the energy. . . . May I use the car Friday night?"
5. *cogent*: I will give half-credit for a response if you can show me a compelling argument.

Thus, students "handle" words in context, not as isolated synonyms or antonyms. There is an art in connotation, and this method supplied some training in thinking of words as ideas, in handling words in contexts which are similar to those appearing on the printed page.

Next, the teacher reads each statement again, furnishing the correct answer, re-pronouncing it, and adding any appropriate comment. Contextual examples are reviewed, and the student tries to make distinctions rather than recall synonyms. He grades his own paper and reports the number of correct distinctions.

Finally, the teacher makes a conscious and continuous effort throughout the semester to use as many of the vocabulary words as possible—in class, in the cafeteria, in counseling, in the halls, and in other tests, oral and written. He goes out of his way to employ these words in the giving of directions, in lectures, and in assignments. Repeat tests are given at desirable intervals. Ultimately, each student retains a list of words, about four hundred, defined in his own words, a personal vocabulary study

list, available for review, especially prior to taking the Selective Service Draft Exemption Test.

In conclusion, the open-book vocabulary test makes use of auditory and visual senses in the learning process, stimulates thought and imagination, takes advantage of what is known about spaced learning, gives intermittent review on an imaginative level, refers to words in contexts approaching situations similar to those in which words are to be found on the printed page, detours synonym-hunting and memory-cramming, eliminates the need for a multiple-choice test, provides interest, variety, and constructive levity, reduces emotional pressure produced by orthodox testing, and, to a degree, provokes pleasure and satisfaction—and, finally, according to recent and current classroom experience, it works.

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THE ANALYSIS OF A POEM

The analytical approach to the study of poetry is no longer a pedagogical orphan, feeding from the crumbs of the table dropped by its sleek sisters, Historicity, Dilettantism, and Susceptibility. Most teachers of poetry today agree with Lascelles Abercrombie:

There is a feeling that it is dangerous to examine too nicely into the way poetry works. It may be like taking a watch to pieces; you may not be able to put it together again, or if you do, it may not go as well as before. I think, on the contrary, that the closer you look into poetry, the more you have to discover and enjoy.¹

Certainly the poet knows what he wants to communicate, and his medium for doing so

¹ *The Theory of Poetry*. For an antithetical point of view see the following comment by E. A. Greening Lamborn, quoted from his *Poetic Values: A Guide to the Appreciation of "The Golden Treasury"* (1928): "Unless we hear aright we shall neither see nor feel aright, we shall share neither the poet's vision nor his emotion; we shall indeed come nearer to sharing both through the music alone than through the symbols alone. It is vain therefore to ask of a poetical expression, What does it mean? for no other form of words means the same."

is language. People are not born with an understanding of language; reading is an acquired skill. And if this is true of all reading, how especially does it apply to the reading of poetry? For the language of poetry is more difficult than the language of prose; because it is more concentrated and more symbolic. Imagery, literal and figurative; idea working in and through form; sound as a supplement to sense; theme underlying and revealed by the particular instance; tone showing the way to the interpretation of statement—all this and more the reader of poetry must understand, as well as the interpretation of words in their full context.

In addition to understanding a poem, there is the ability to recognize its technical elements, appreciate its artistry. The critical ability is necessarily late in developing and must follow the understanding. But it, too, is possible of achievement. We do not learn the wellsprings of any art by immersing ourselves in the flood of emotion that it produces. As Robert Louis Stevenson, who was ahead of his time, said some sixty-five years ago:

Those disclosures which seem fatal to the dignity of art, seem so perhaps only in the proportion of our ignorance; and those conscious and unconscious artifices, which it seems unworthy of the serious artist to employ, were yet, if we had the power 'o trace them to their springs, indications of a delicacy of the sense finer than we conceive, and hints of ancient harmonies in nature.²

A knowledge of the craftsmanship of any art increases one's enjoyment of it. This is true of music, painting, sculpture, as well as literature. It is true of the novel as well as the poem. Students discover that one of the important by-products of their own attempt to write short stories is an increased appreciation for prose fiction.

Exact knowledge of what the poet is saying, recognition of the craftsmanship by which it is said—these are the things that can be studied in the classroom and in which

the teacher can guide and aid the student. Through following this path, often a steep and arduous climb, demanding strenuous effort, the student can come at last to the appreciation of literature as "one of the great consolers, the great fortifiers, the great enlighteners of the human spirit."³

Analysis for the sake of analysis is, of course, a sterile pursuit, as is any means which is identified with the end. But, looking always to the poet's intention, aiming always at getting out of the poem everything that the poet put into it, analysis is a live and rewarding experience.

With the hope of aiding those who believe in the above confession of faith, I offer the following guide to the analysis of a poem. It contains nothing original. It simply brings together the combined wisdom of available texts and the suggestions of friends and colleagues. Perhaps it can serve as a teaching guide for those who, like myself, could discover nothing comparable in any printed form.

1. *Prose statement*.—What is the "prose sense" of the poem, the central idea expressed in a prose statement? If the poem is a narrative, this means a prose summary of the action.

2. *Stanza paraphrase*.—What does each stanza contribute to the central idea? Give a prose paraphrase in literal language of each stanza.

3. *Tone*.—The tone is the writer's attitude toward his subject, his audience. For example, it can be serious and weighty, as in Milton's "Lycidas," which laments the death of a classmate; it can be tender and regretful, as in Herrick's "To Daffodils"; it can be rollicking and boisterous, as in "A Song of Ale." Is the tone appropriate? How is it indicated by the diction? The meter? The rhyme? The stanza form? The choice of incident and imagery? The conventions? The over-all pattern? What is the dramatic framework?

4. *Theme*.—What is the theme, i.e., the

² *Style in Literature: Its Technical Elements*.

³ Charles H. A. Wager, "The Need of the Classics," *To Whom It May Concern, Second Series*.

universal idea behind the particular statement? The subject of "portrait" by E. E. Cummings is the death of Buffalo Bill. The theme is that death claims all men, however glamorous. The theme in good poetry is often suggested, implied; it is never merely asserted and versified. "Channel Firing" by Thomas Hardy has the implied theme that man's fundamental nature does not change. This theme is never directly stated, although it underlies the particulars which illustrate it. Not all poems have a theme.

5. *Technical judgments*

a) *Form*.—What is the form of the poem: Ballad? Sonnet? Dramatic monologue? Ode? Is the form suitable for subject and theme and tone? What is the stanza pattern? Is it appropriate? Inappropriate? Neutral? Does the poem have unity and coherence?

b) *Structure*.—Into what divisions of action or idea or mood is the poem divided? If it is a narrative poem, is it developed by scenes? What is the climax? Is the movement slow? Rapid? Does it shift during the poem?

c) *Rhythm (or meter)*.—Is the rhythm suitable to subject and theme? What is its relative importance to the poem as a whole? What is the dominant meter? What metrical variations contribute to the effect?

d) *Rhyme*.—What is the rhyme scheme? What is the importance and effect of the rhyme? (This includes absence of rhyme, as in blank verse and free verse.)

e) *Sound patterns*.—What other sound patterns contribute to the effect? What about alliteration? Assonance? Onomatopoeia? Are these devices used too obviously?

f) *Diction*.—How appropriate is the diction for the subject? The theme? The tone? What about imagery, literal and figurative? Is the whole poem one image? What? Do its

various parts present separate images? What? What literal images are evoked? To what effect? Is the diction concrete? Abstract? What figurative images are used? Can they be translated into literal terms? What specific ideas do they represent? Are the images, as a whole, vivid? Suggestive? Does the poet rely largely upon imagery or upon general statement?

6. *Intention (or purpose)*.—What is the obvious intention of the poet, judged from the above analysis? What is the purpose of the poem? This intention is usually conscious and explicit. It may, however, be unconscious and implicit.

7. *Flaws*.—What flaws are there in the poem, judging it from the poet's own intention and the standards it sets up for itself, which interfere with its complete effectiveness? What is the relative importance of these flaws?

8. *Biographical and historical information*.—Are there any historical facts needed to explain the poem? Would these modify one's judgment of it? What about background? Sources? Genre? Personal experience? Prevailing literary tastes and conventions? Is the poem completely free of these, standing on its own feet without reference to its "environment"?

9. *Extraneous factors*.—Are there any extraneous factors that possibly interfere with your judgment of the poem? That is, do you have any specific prejudices, specific enthusiasms? Are you inclined to be cynical? Sentimental? Hypercritical? Are you annoyed by the restriction of form? By the "undisciplined" quality of free verse?

10. *Final judgment*.—What is your final, reasoned, critical judgment of the poem as a whole?

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Free men cannot be taught properly by slaves. Courageous citizens cannot be well educated by scared hired men.—HAROLD BENJAMIN.

Current English Forum

CONDUCTED BY THE COMMITTEE ON CURRENT ENGLISH USAGE

A HARMLESS CRIME?

Sigmund Spaeth, the historian of popular song, has commented interestingly on the use of *like* as a conjunction. Citing its prominence in American lyrics, he champions, as an "apparently harmless crime against the English language," the steady "transfiguration of *like* from a preposition to a conjunction."¹

Mr. Spaeth's view of the development of the conjunctive *like* from a prepositional stage, while shared by many professional grammarians and at least partially supported by such authority as the *New English Dictionary*, can hardly be an exclusive view. Professors Krapp and Curme reason the development to be rather the result of the ellipsis of the fuller and long popular conjunction, *like as*, which had evolved from the early attachment of the adverbial *like* to *as* or *as if* when followed by a clausal construction.² If this attachment, early indeed as the Old English *gelice swā*, does often appear as a clausal connective, so do *like that* and *like and*, which, as *gelice þe* and *gelice and*, also offer possibilities for simplification. Yet beyond these explanations, the fact has apparently been overlooked that the form *gelice* seems itself to have reached simple conjunctive usage in Old English:

Elpendes hȳd wyle drincan *gelice* an spinge deþ.³

¹ Read 'Em and Weep: *The Songs You Forgot To Remember* (New York, 1926), p. 241.

² See, respectively, *Modern English* (New York, 1909), p. 260, and *Syntax* (Boston, 1931), p. 281. Whether elliptic or not, the single form appears as early as 1530 in Lord Berners' *Arthur of Lytell Brylayne*: "Ye have said *lyke* a noble lady ought to say."

³ Alfred's *Orosius*, 5, 7 (Bosworth and Toller, *An Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, p. 409): "An elephant's hide will drink water *like* a sponge doth."

Textbook authorities almost unanimously insist upon construing *like*, except in its verbal or adjectival usage, as properly a preposition, arguing that *like*, similar to *near*, has changed from an adjective or adverb into a preposition as a result of its early usage in governing a dative object.⁴

Censure of the conjunctive *like* first occurs in the nineteenth century. Peter Bullion, in his *Principles of English Grammar*, began, in 1834, a pattern of condemnation that has endured until the present day by terming the construction an "improper substitution for *as* or *like as*." An interesting aspect of the succeeding proscription was the frequent imputation that the construction was an Americanism. But if this charge was untenable,⁵ others like James Russell Lowell and E. K. Maxfield arose to assign the locution regional labels. Lowell, in discussing the New England dialect, ruled that "*like for as* is never used in New England but is universal in the South and West," while E. K. Maxfield, reiterating Lowell's position, ascribed the "barbarism" to "most educated people outside New England, particularly in Pennsylvania."⁶

The collection of phonograph records and record transcriptions used in compiling the

⁴ Such usage is readily apparent when the "to" or "unto" after *like* is not suppressed as in the biblical "For ye are *like unto* whited sepulchres."

⁵ M. Schele de Vere (*Americanisms*) and J. R. Bartlett (*Dictionary of Americanisms*) so labeled it, but, as many observers from Peter Bullion on down have noted, the construction has become increasingly current in British speech and literature. See, e.g., R. C. Pooley, *Teaching English Usage* (New York, 1946), pp. 153 ff.

⁶ Introduction to "Second Series" of *The Biglow Papers* (Boston, 1873), p. xlviii, and "Maine Dialect," *American Speech*, II (November, 1926), 78.

Linguistic Atlas of New England reveals some 53 conjunctive usages of *like* as against 384 similar usages of *as*, *as if*, or *as though*. Certainly this incidence of *like* is embarrassing to the claim that "*like* for *as* is never used in New England."

Yet it cannot be denied these authors that the conjunctive *like* is more widely prevalent in America outside New England. Though Wentworth, in his *American Dialect Dictionary*, cites general usage from 1820, most of his citations are drawn from the South and West, and he specifically notes that the construction is "almost universal in Texas." Moreover, C. Alphonso Smith, southern scholar and historian, parallel to Lowell's seven rules for New England, has supplied seven rules for writing the southern dialect, of which the first is: "*Like* does duty for *as if* in such a sentence as, 'He looks *like* he was sick.' " Indeed, *look like* and *feel like* plus a clause are used so frequently in the South that they are considered southern idioms.⁷ They undoubtedly have a certain alliterative enticement.

That the conjunctive *like*, even in these idiomatic forms, is as frequently used in the general western area Pooley affirms by noting that the usage is common in "particularly the middle and far western portions of the United States by men and women of otherwise impeccable speech," who "use *like* freely as a conjunction with no sense of sin."⁸ Record of the "educated" usage Maxfield referred to is in fact ridiculously easy to uncover in quotations from college professors, clergymen, radio commentators, and journalists. Columnist David Lawrence, for

example, writing in the early days of the Korean crisis, observed in Washington: "The situation here is beginning everyday to look more *like* it did in the days immediately following Pearl Harbor."⁹

The increasing currency has brought with it some interesting offshoots. There is, for example, the use of the hypercorrect *like I*, or the strange veering-away from *like* in such a locution as, "I drank as a fish." Yet there is also the genuine elliptic construction in which *like* seems to be acceptably substituted for *as* or *as if*:

He ran *like* mad.

The suit looks *like* new.

But whatever bizarre usage or acceptable idiom may conjointly occur, the conjunctive *like* itself has reached apparently unsuppressible currency. This fact has not failed to find reflection in many recent usage guides whose watchful, waiting attitude, conciliatory to standard informal use, seems to be a more realistic position than that of guides which continue the century-old pattern of unqualified proscription.¹⁰ Perhaps the time has come to amend the old epigram, "Whatever its function, *like*'s not a conjunction," and to question whether this use of *like* is a crime at all.

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⁹ "The Planner's Only Choice," *Detroit Free Press*, July 4, 1950, p. 4.

¹⁰ For the realistic attitude see, e.g., A. H. Marckwardt, *Scribner's Handbook of English* (New York, 1948), and H. R. Warfel, E. G. Mathews, and J. C. Bushman, *American College English* (New York, 1949); for that still firmly proscriptive see J. C. Hodges, *Harbrace Handbook of English* (New York, 1941), and E. S. Jones, M. Wallace, and A. L. Jones, *New Practice Handbook in English* (New York, 1949).

⁷ Especially the latter since 1895. See *A Dictionary of American English*, ed. W. A. Craigie and J. R. Hulbert (Chicago, 1940), II, 951.

⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 150.

Report and Summary

ABOUT THREE HUNDRED COLLEGE and high school teachers attended the spring Conference on College Composition and Communication held March 28-29 at Cleveland, Ohio. A baker's dozen of workshops, six panel discussions, two general sessions, and a luncheon meeting, arranged by the program chairman, Karl Dykema, Youngstown, provided solid diet for the participants.

The conference opened with a general session concerned with "What Employers Expect from College Courses in Composition and Communication." The three employers who talked to that point—Kenneth Stonex of General Motors, W. K. Bailey of Warner Swasey, and T. R. Schellenberg of the National Archives—agreed that they expected literacy, ability to think clearly on one's feet or sitting down, and ability both to write and to speak with precision and brevity.

The same emphasis was put on the same points at the second general session by speakers discussing "What Our Academic Colleagues Expect." Paul Anders, dean of the School of Business Administration, Fenn College, reminded his audience that we *spe*ak 1,544 words to the 1 we *w*rite and stressed the need for the communication course to include training both in speaking and in listening, with particular emphasis on conference methods and microphone techniques. Business English, he thinks, should be taught in relation to business situations and not made a special course apart. Fletcher Andrews, dean of the Law School, Western Reserve University, remarked that law students are making the same mistakes in spelling today as they did twenty years ago (*statue* for *statute*, etc.). He thinks we "should be as hard-boiled as the devil" in our insistence that students acquire the mechanical skills and pointed out that accuracy and exactness in expression are im-

portant legal tools, since, in law, a slip of one word can mean the loss of a million dollars. He also pointed out that legal composition is emotionless and complex and that English training for the law should include thorough training in the analysis of difficult reading. The need for training in analysis and in précis writing was reiterated by Elmer Hutchisson, acting president, Case Institute of Technology, who spoke on English training for engineers. All six of the speakers, employers and academic colleagues alike, stressed the need for better motivational techniques if the student is to understand the value and make the most of our courses in composition and communication. It is up to the English teacher to stimulate more professional and personal motivation, they think.

The report of a survey on teacher preparation courses in composition and communication was made at Saturday's luncheon meeting by Harold B. Allen, University of Minnesota, chairman of the CCCC. As a fellow of the Ford Foundation, Dr. Allen has spent the last few months visiting colleges and universities throughout the country gathering information on attitudes and activities. He started by raising two questions: Is the literary training which leads toward the doctoral degree training for teaching? Is a teacher of literature *ipso facto* a teacher of composition? He found divergent points of view and practices. It is still pretty generally felt that a good scholar is a good teacher, and, as a result, there are still many institutions where Ph.D.'s are hired and no staff meetings or training courses are held for their benefit. However, here and there, a class in the training of college teachers is being set up—for example, at the universities of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Denver, and Connecticut. Here and there, the viewpoint is shifting a little toward the recognition

that teachers should be trained in the four C's as well as in Romantic poetry. This viewpoint is most evident among the younger men. Allen's conclusion is that not very much is yet going on and that, if there is to be any concerted effort in the training of college teachers, it will have to come from within our own group.

More detailed reports of these talks as well as summaries of what transpired in the workshops and panel discussions will appear in the spring issue of the conference bulletin, *College Composition and Communication*.

USE OF VERNACULAR LANGUAGES in education is the editorial in *Fundamental Education* for January. During the past year the subject has been the basis for an extensive study by UNESCO, because reading the vernacular is so necessary as a learning tool.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF ENGLISH spelling were recently found overwhelming by sixty-four graduate students in journalism at Columbia University. The *New York Times* reports that the students were given a list of seventy-eight words to spell, a list compiled by Professor Roscoe B. Ellard from a master-list of words most often misspelled by working reporters as noted by sixty-nine newspaper editors over the country. Of the seventy-eight words, twenty-five were misspelled by a majority of the class, but some of the foreign students did better than the American students. For example, a girl from Brazil spelled only four words incorrectly, whereas one American misspelled forty-five. All the students hold college degrees, and some are English majors. The list included *siege*, *restaurant*, and *misspell*! Page the demons!

FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS MORE high school teachers have wanted to teach English more than any other subject, according to Dr. Clyde Hisson, Ohio State Director of Education, as reported in the *New York Times*. He thinks the reason for the popularity is that English is required of

all college students and so they take enough additional English to qualify for certification in the subject, even though they may not have an intense interest in teaching it. Perhaps this is one reason why so many of our students don't do better in English. English teaching can be effective only when it is taught wholeheartedly by those effectively trained to do it.

THE MARCH ISSUE OF *HARPER'S* rewards the reader on several counts, but two articles are of particular interest to teachers. These are "A Bonanza for Education," by Senator Lister Hill, and "The Mass Mind: Our Favorite Folly," by the English novelist, Joyce Cary.

Senator Hill, who has sponsored much constructive educational legislation during his years in Washington, has recently come up with a dramatic proposal in his "Oil for Education Amendment" to a bill now before the Senate. Some fifty billion dollars worth of oil has been discovered in the submerged coastal reefs in the Gulf of Mexico. The United States Supreme Court has ruled that this oil belongs to all the people of the United States and not to just the states of Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. The House has already passed a bill setting aside this decision and giving the oil rights to these states. Senator Hill deplors this action of the House and proposes in his amendment that the oil rights remain in the possession of the people as a whole and that the profits be devoted to the improvement of education, "to national security, primary, secondary, and higher education." Senator Hill puts education first on the list of prerequisites to national security. As we go to press, Senator Hill's amendment has been defeated in the Senate and the bill returned to the House. Write your congressman today!

Joyce Cary deplors the defeatism implicit in the idea that mass media are leading to the development of a mass mind. He has just returned from a tour of duty in Africa and states very positively that "the tribal mind" is much more truly a mass

mind than anything he knows in Europe, and he assures his readers that a committee of professors is much harder to manage than a council of African chiefs! Cary believes that what appears to be the problem of the mass mind is really evidence of spreading interests among the people in a wide variety of occupations. For example, the crowds at the movies, he thinks, have already left the mass and are individuals seeking ideas for themselves. He is convinced, also, that no kind of education, however narrow, can produce the mass mind, "because minds are creative, thoughts wander by themselves and cannot be controlled by the cleverest of police." Witness the fall of dictators.

FURTHER EVIDENCE CONCERNING the mass mind of primitive peoples is given in a recent "profile" in the *New Yorker* (February 16) in which Robert Rice discusses the career of Dr. Frank Charles Laubach, a Congregationalist missionary, who probably has been directly or indirectly responsible for fifteen million people's learning their ABC's. He has visited sixty-four countries and has, in his phrase, "made lessons" in two hundred and thirty-nine languages or dialects, many of which had never before been reduced to black-on-white. More than half the human race, Dr. Laubach says, is afraid of educated men in this world and of demons in the next, but "if you sit down beside an illiterate as your equal . . . if you never frown nor criticize, but look pleased and surprised, and praise him for his progress [in learning], a thousand silver threads wind about his heart and yours. You are the first educated man who ever looked at him except to swindle him." Rice discusses in considerable detail Dr. Laubach's pedagogic principles and methods, some of which are highly unorthodox—and spectacularly successful. One of these is that a teacher should never ask a question a student can't answer; and, in recruiting instructors, Dr. Laubach has found that professional school-teachers are not likely to be suitable because too many "can't bear to ask a question a student *can* answer." Dr. Laubach also in-

sists that at the first sign of fatigue or inattention on the part of the student the teacher should terminate the lesson and that the teacher should constantly clap the student on the shoulder, grasp him by the hand, and smile at him. Concerning the unphonetic, unsystematic spelling of English, he thinks there is only one thing to do. "Start a strike against the way English is misspelled—become a spelling Bolshevik! I suppose unless we revolt, we shall be handing on this same accursed orthography to our children, and our children's children, to the crack of doom." This *New Yorker* article and Dr. Laubach's book, *The Silent Billion Speak*, should inspire all teachers of the language arts.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION's general session on the evening of December 28 was unusually significant. Harlan Hatcher, president of the University of Michigan, formerly professor of English at the State University of Ohio; Stanley Pargellis, head of the humanistic Newberry Library, Chicago; Warner G. Rice, chairman of the English department, University of Michigan; and Hardin Craig, who has taught Shakespeare with distinction at Iowa, Stanford, North Carolina, and now Missouri, presented a remarkable group of addresses.

President Hatcher's "The Pure Flame" was a simple but effective plea that teachers of literature, avoiding pedantry, cant, mere antiquarianism, snobbery, and coteries, help students to experience for themselves the supreme qualities of literature, which should reveal to them the nature and wonder of life itself.

Librarian Pargellis asked a relaxation of the demand that in order to be promoted the younger man produce many articles. He is still for scholarship—and for research by teachers, but he would have it only in response to the researchers' own interests and would have it offered for publication only after careful scrutiny by mature scholars.

Professor Rice described the changes

which have taken place in the public schools during the last two decades and the increase of junior colleges, teachers' colleges, technical schools, and now the rise of community institutes. He admitted a feeling of hostility to much he described and thus gained the sympathy of his audience. He then turned to say that the forces behind these changes are too powerful for the college English departments to fight successfully and that the wise course is to try to work within the present situation for all possible use of the humanities in education. This means, too, that the graduate schools should prepare the young men for teaching in the newer types of higher educational institutions and even in high schools.

Elderly Hardin Craig presented some pioneer thinking, the soundness of which cannot be determined offhand. He began by suggesting that critics and teachers of literature may well, like the great men of the Renaissance, take all knowledge as their concern; specifically, that they should become acquainted with modern science. This is not impossible, for a single good textbook in physics would give all the basic discoveries that have been made, and the other main scientific fields are similarly covered. He called attention to the recent concept of the time-space continuum, in which three of the four co-ordinates are in time—instead of in space, as in the space-time continuum. Shakespeare—without, of course, any such conscious concept—operated in this time-space continuum, so that the universal truths and the particular facts of the moment blended. All this Professor Craig offered as an illustration of the interrelatedness of all knowledge, which makes it profitable for the scholar in any field to know a good deal of all fields.

All four of these addresses are published in the February *PMLA*, which is not the stuffy magazine about which so many still jest.

"INSIDE SOVIET LITERATURE" (*Saturday Review*, March 8) describes the intellectual life behind the Iron Curtain and

postwar trends in Soviet literature. Its author, Vera Alexandrova, is editor-in-chief of the Chekhov Publishing House, established last year by the Ford Foundation's East European Fund to make available (in Russian-language editions) some classics and contemporary books now suppressed in the Soviet Union. Because of the party's tight control over postwar literature, any trends outside the party line have to be disentangled like single threads from the warp and woof. For example, since it is impossible to speak openly of the disillusionment of those who spent the war at the front and in the rear, writers attempt to deal with the question by indirection. "Side by side with the 'correct' *frontovik*, who immediately succeeded in readjusting to postwar life, postwar Soviet poetry and prose contains a striking number of former *frontoviki* who have turned into so-called 'malicious idlers.'" In recent writing, "the discordant citizen" also almost invariably figures in the story, "the narrow individualists," in whom "vestiges of the bourgeois past" are still strong. These "negative heroes" are shown, "not as cowards hiding behind the backs of loyal citizens, but as aggressive types," and though the author "emphasizes his lack of sympathy for such 'individualists' the other characters in the story are tolerant and even sympathetic toward them." Another new quality in Soviet postwar literature is the "intelligensia's attraction toward comfort, toward material blessings." The article is illustrated with many examples from recent writings. An article attacking the *Saturday Review*, reprinted from the November, 1951, issue of *Novy Mir*, the Soviet literary monthly, is reprinted in the same issue of the *Saturday Review*—a very interesting and unliterary example of propagandistic diatribe. The pertinence of these articles is deepened when read in connection with "The Soviet Literary Front," by Anatole G. Mazour, in the winter *Pacific Spectator*.

TWENTY COLLEGES ARE NOW CO-operating with Harvard University in a new

program designed to train liberal-arts graduates for elementary- and secondary-school teaching. Through this plan it is hoped that superior students with a broad liberal-arts background may be induced to enter the teaching profession. The Fund for the Advancement of Education, a unit of the Ford Foundation, has awarded Harvard a three-year grant, of which \$45,000 annually for three years is to provide scholarships, and \$33,000 annually for three years is to defray the costs of instruction and administration. Under the program, fellowships will be offered graduates of the co-operating colleges to study for a year at Harvard. The program will lead to the degree of Master of Education for elementary-school teachers or Master of Arts in Teaching for secondary-school teachers. All of the co-operating colleges will try to develop increased interest among their students in public school teaching as a career. They are: Amherst, Barnard, Bennington, Bowdoin, Bryn Mawr, Colby, Colgate, Haverford, Holy Cross, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Middlebury, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Simmons, Smith, Swarthmore, Vassar, Wellesley, Wheaton (Mass.), and Williams.

PLANS FOR A TEACHER-TRAINING program for college teachers, to prepare Doctors of Philosophy for teaching as well as for research, is now under way at the University of Chicago, which has been given a grant of \$100,000 by the Carnegie corporation for that purpose. Fellowship holders, students who have received their doctorates or are in the last year of candidacy, will attend seminars on the problems of college-teaching and do apprentice-teaching in the university's college, schools, and divisions.

A NEW CHAUCER MANUSCRIPT may have been discovered, partly by accident, in Peterhouse Library, Oxford University. The content of the manuscript—description of the construction of an astro-

nomical instrument which did not prove useful—is unimportant, but, if this proves really to be in Chaucer's handwriting, it is the largest authentic sample yet discovered; it could be useful in authenticating or interpreting other manuscripts. The March 10 issue of *Time* relates the combination of accident, scholarship, and acumen which revealed it.

MOTION PICTURES HAVE HOPPED on the bandwagon now that Pär Lagerkvist, the subject of the lead article this month, has won the 1951 Nobel Prize for Literature. A Swedish film company has begun production on *Barabbas*, to be filmed in the authentic backgrounds of Israel.

DOCTORAL STUDIES COMPLETED in education during 1949-50 are listed in the *Phi Delta Kappan* of March. Theses on language arts, speech, listening, reading, literature, spelling, and writing.

CHILDREN'S THEATER CONFERENCE of the American Educational Theater Association will hold its eighth annual convention at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, on August 28, 29, and 30. Plays, demonstrations, lectures, and a three-day workshop are all planned. The theme this year will be that creative theater experiences may be based upon the integrated program in all the arts. Children's theater workers from many states will participate.

TEACHING PROPAGANDA TECHNIQUES will insure closer observation by your students, claims William West in the February *Iowa English Bulletin*. Name-calling, glittering generalities, testimonials, plain folks, transfer, card-stacking, bandwagon—all excite students to find examples of them in magazines and newspaper advertising and subsequently to make notebooks and bulletin-board displays.

New Books Professional

THE SENECA AMBLE. By GEORGE WILLIAMSON. University of Chicago Press. Pp. 377. \$7.50.

This is not a history of prose in the seventeenth century. It is a critical study of the various stylistic fashions in prose from Francis Bacon to Jeremy Collier, and particularly of the Senecan style which Shaftesbury derided as the "amble." The "Senecan amble" seems to have had a consistent historical development and to have helped establish some of the qualities of modern prose style. Good background reading for the teacher of composition.

SWIFT, Vol. VI. Edited by HERBERT DAVIS. Princeton University Press. Pp. 179. \$3.75.

The sixth volume in a fourteen-volume edition of Swift's prose works being edited by Professor Davis. It contains the political pamphlets Swift wrote from 1711 to 1713 to prepare for and justify the peace which was finally settled by the Peace of Utrecht.

STEELE AT DRURY LANE. By JOHN LOFTIS. University of California Press. Pp. 260. \$4.00.

The picture of Sir Richard Steele drawn in this volume is quite different from that customarily sketched by historians of the drama who dispose of him in a few brief paragraphs as a writer of sentimental comedy. Steele was governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, acting in Drury Lane, from 1714 until his death in 1729. During that period his career was closely identified with the movement for stage reform and with the revolt against the satirical comedy of Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve. This book is an account of his theatrical career with particular emphasis on his Drury Lane connections and as such becomes inevitably an account also of the early eighteenth-century theater.

ALEXANDER POPE. By BONAMY DOBREE. Philosophical Library. Pp. 125. \$3.00.

A sublimation of all the major findings of modern research on Pope into a most satisfying

biographical essay, unweighted by scholarly apparatus and beautifully printed on really fine paper.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM DIAPER. Edited by DOROTHY BROUGHTON. Harvard University Press. Pp. 363. \$3.00.

Diaper was a young eighteenth-century poet, a friend of Swift's, who died young, and of whom little has been known. He did not have the brilliance of a Thomas Chatterton but, as Bonamy Dobree, who writes the volume's Foreword, says, he was more than a routine versifier.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE SHELLEY LEGEND. By NEWMAN I. WHITE, FREDERICK L. JONES, and KENNETH N. CAMERON. University of Pennsylvania Press. Pp. 114. \$2.50.

Three essays, which originally appeared in diverse scholarly periodicals and were written to exhibit the unsoundness of a once much touted book, *The Shelley Legend*, are here printed in one volume—to waylay the unguarded student.

THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC LYRIC, 1603-1642. By WILLIAM R. BOWDEN. Yale University Press. Pp. 220. \$4.00.

The author has examined more than 475 plays to try to answer the double question of how the song is used in the Stuart drama and why it is used as it is. He concludes that these songs were not merely decorative but "were utilized for clearly conceived dramatic effects by playwrights who were fully aware of the value of the lyric." Some ninety pages of notes and bibliography supply valuable reference material.

AFTER CONFLICT, QUIET. By DONALD E. HAYDEN. Exposition Press. Pp. 230. \$3.00.

A study of Wordsworth's poetry in relation to his life and letters. The author approached his task without any preconceived hypotheses, content to see what he found. He finds that during his early years Wordsworth was both living

and writing in "a context of rebellion against orthodoxy." This period was followed by one of ambivalence, which in turn gave way to "a total context of acceptance of orthodoxy." An interesting revaluation results.

IN MEMORIAM: THE WAY OF A SOUL.

By ELEANOR BUSTIN MATTES. Exposition Press. Pp. 128. \$3.00.

A study of some of the influences which shaped Tennyson's poem and of its relation to the contemporary religious, philosophic, and scientific writings of the time. Dr. Mattes retraces Tennyson's search for "the satisfying faith which he never wholly found" and points up the reasons for some of *In Memoriam's* ambiguities and inconsistencies.

BEAUDELAIRE ON POE: CRITICAL PAPERS.

Translated and edited by LOIS and FRANCIS E. HYSLOP, JR. Bald Eagle Press. Pp. 175. \$4.00.

It was the French poet Beaudelaire who made the works of Poe familiar to European readers by way of his five volumes of translations and his many critical articles. Now, in this volume, Beaudelaire's three major essays on Poe have been translated into English along with a miscellany of critical prefaces and notes.

RAINER MARIA RILKE: HIS LAST FRIENDSHIP: UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO MRS. ELOUI BEY.

With a study by EDMOND JALOUX. Philosophical Library. Pp. 115. \$2.75.

This year brings the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of the great Czech poet (German in his makeup and French by adoption) and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death. This book is a memorial. It includes an introduction by Marcel Raval; a study of Edmond Jaloux, an old friend of Rilke's, who recounts the story of Rilke's friendship with Nimet Eloui Bey, a remarkable Egyptian woman; and a slight handful of Rilke's unpublished letters.

FROM HOMER TO MENANDER.

By L. A. POST. University of California Press. Pp. 333. \$3.75.

This book is concerned with the aesthetic of fiction, studying it as a representation of forces in action and considering the Greek epic, trage-

dy, and comedy from this single point of view. In these days of critical coteries, it is refreshing to find that the Greeks were very far from "art for art's sake" and that Greek poetic fiction was not mere entertainment but had moral and political significance.

DRYDEN: POETRY, PROSE AND PLAYS.

Selected by DOUGLAS GRANT. Harvard University Press. Pp. 892. \$4.25.

A new volume in the "Reynard Library" designed for the general reader and the student. Of the liberal selections chosen, the poems take up about half the volume and the prose another hundred pages. The remaining space is given to four plays—*Aureng-Zebe*, *All for Love*, *The Spanish Fryar*, and *Don Sebastian*.

MELVILLE'S QUARREL WITH GOD.

By LAWRENCE THOMPSON. Princeton University Press. Pp. 475. \$6.00.

Professor Thompson has carefully examined and analyzed all the major works of Melville from *Typee* through *Billy Budd* and has arrived at an interpretation of Melville very different from most. He shows how Melville arranged his plots within a flexible formula of sustained irony which permitted him to give the illusion of proceeding in a direction exactly opposite from the anti-Christian direction of the plot itself. A fascinating book which will no doubt cause much discussion, some of it stormy!

LOGIC AND LANGUAGE.

Edited by A. G. N. FLEW. Philosophical Library. Pp. 206. \$3.75.

A collection of nine philosophical essays on the linguistic movement in philosophy.

A LOST LANGUAGE AND OTHER ESSAYS ON CHAUCER.

By SISTER MADELEVA. Sheed & Ward. Pp. 147. \$2.25.

Sister Madeleva is the president of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, and this is her twelfth book. It contains seven humane essays reflecting the humanity of Chaucer whom Sister Madeleva obviously enjoys. It is not a scholar's book but is written by a scholar who has removed the barrier of Middle English for today's Everyman.

TRUSTEES, TEACHERS, STUDENTS: THEIR ROLE IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

TION. By ORDWAY TEAD. University of Utah Press. Pp. 120. \$2.00.

Five addresses by an eminent teacher, editor, and author.

UNIVERSITIES AND WORLD AFFAIRS.

By HOWARD E. WILSON. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Pp. 88. \$1.00.

In a new survey, undertaken by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Dr. Wilson analyzes the over-all role of universities and outlines tasks and responsibilities by which colleges and universities may influence international relations constructively.

THE ABC OF PLAIN WORDS. By SIR ERNEST GOWERS. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. Pp. 146. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$0.75.

An alphabetical arrangement of items of rhetoric, grammatical usage, diction, punctuation, and spelling, designed as a reference book for British Treasury employees. The Introduction urges simplicity of language, more emphasized in the author's earlier *Plain Words*. American scholars will call it conservative, if not puristic, in usage.

ENGLISH STUDIES TODAY. Edited by C. L. WRENN and G. BULLOUGH. Oxford. Pp. 201. \$4.25.

Nineteen papers were read and discussed by scholars from thirty nations at the International Conference of University Professors of English at Oxford in August, 1950. Since each speaker chose his topic, the collection is quite miscellaneous, though divided into four "parts": "General" "Linguistic," "Particular Literary Topics," and "The Teaching of English in Universities." Kemp Malone, of Johns Hopkins, is the only American contributor. The papers on teaching concern primarily instruction of students whose native language is not English.

MAN'S LOYALTIES AND THE AMERICAN IDEAL: PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM SPONSORED BY STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK. State University of New York. Pp. 136.

Sections are "Competition for Man's Loyalties," "Twentieth Century Competition and the American Ideal," "General Education for a World of Conflict," and "The Challenge to American Democracy." Among the speakers: Alvin C. Eurich, Henry Steele Commager, Senator Wayne Morse, labor leader Boris Shishkin, Mildred McAfee Horton, Eric Severeid, Harry J. Carman, T. R. McConnell, Clarence Faust, and Lebanese Ambassador Charles Malik.

Nonfiction

SOCIETY AND THOUGHT IN MODERN AMERICA. By HARVEY WISH. Longmans, Green. Illustrated. Pp. 618. Text, \$5.00. Trade, \$6.50.

A social and intellectual history of the American people from 1865, a companion volume to *Society and Thought in Early America* published two years ago. In addition to all the background material obviously indispensable to the teacher and student of American literature, this volume also contains material specifically related to the development of American literature, including a chapter entitled "Toward Literary Realism and the New Journalism: Whitman, Dreiser, and Pulitzer."

DUVEEN. By S. N. BEHRMAN. Random House. \$3.50.

The author is a first-rate dramatist, and so it is not strange that he was fascinated by the

legends of Joseph Duveen, who had little artistic training but became the perfect buyer and salesman of pictures and antiques. American multi-millionaires were the passion of his life. In these stories of his dealings with them, transactions of millions were as commonplace as they are in newspapers of 1952, though his career began in 1886. Innumerable art collections and masterpieces from Europe are now in America as a result of Duveen's influence upon Morgan, Rockefeller, Mellon, Altman, Widener, and others. Duveen's ideas—and Behrman's—as to why the newly rich bought masterpieces are interesting. Book-of-the-Month Club choice for April.

GRANDMA MOSES: MY LIFE'S HISTORY. By ANNA MARY ROBERTSON MOSES. Edited by OTTO KALLIN. Harper. \$3.50.

Anna Mary Robertson Moses tells the story of her life in a manner as appealing and original

as her paintings. She has written brief sketches of her parents, childhood, and later experiences. She is quite a philosopher. "My Mother," she says, "at 21 had three children: that is a kind of education." The editor has arranged these snatches in chronological order. Some parts were dictated. Nothing has been added to Grandma Moses' own writing and dictation. It is her early years which she remembers best. Sixteen pages of her paintings in full color. Jacket picture of Grandma Moses at work. More than 140 pages, large octavo, good format.

SO LONG TO LEARN. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Macmillan. \$3.00.

Largely an account of the influences which have had a part in Masefield's learning to write. Not the least of these were his childhood fantasies and dreams. Later he became interested in the literature of the past and also in contemporary great writers. He has vivid memories of hearing Yeats read his poetry and dramas. He sought to promote the art of storytelling and little companies of poetry readers. He is writing a biography, but in this book he deals only with his efforts to "become a writer and teller of tales."

THE FEAR OF FREEDOM. By FRANCIS BIDDLE. Doubleday. Pp. 263. \$3.50.

A discussion of the contemporary obsession with anxiety and fear in the United States: its historical background and present expression and its effect on national security and free American institutions. Mr. Biddle compares the present era of anxiety with similar movements in history. Quoting Benjamin Franklin, he says: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety." A comprehensive study of the treatment of subversives in America.

WHAT EISENHOWER THINKS. Edited and interpreted by ALLAN TAYLOR. Crowell. \$2.75.

What he thinks about our freedoms, economics, statism, American policy, labor and management. The story of his family, his boyhood education, and his West Point training. The editor attempts to present through Eisenhower's own words his attitude toward vital problems confronting the nation today. From the many addresses and statements of recent years these views have been gathered and seem to indicate clearly where the general stands.

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS. By T. HARRY WILLIAMS. Knopf. \$4.00.

Mr. Williams says: "My theme is Lincoln as a director of war and his place in the high command and his influence in developing a modern command system for this nation." Judged by modern standards, he did more than Grant to win the war for the Union, the author believes. Lincoln as a strategist is the thesis. Photographs of many generals. This is the third Lincoln book by this professor of history at Louisiana State University. Book-of-the-Month Club choice for March.

SEARCH AFTER SUNRISE: A TRAVELER'S STORY. By VERA BRITAIN. Macmillan. \$2.50.

"In the splendour of a new sunrise of wisdom—let the blind gain their sight" (Tagore). Vera Britain was one of a small group invited to India to study Gandhi's work. She calls her experiences an experiment in understanding. She traveled widely in India and Pakistan and met many wise and influential people. Her impressions are well worth reading.

DOCTORS IN BLUE. By GEORGE WORTHINGTON ADAMS. Schuman. \$4.00.

The medical history of the Union Army in the Civil War, based on extensive study of first-hand material. As is well known, disease on both sides caused more deaths than bullets. Poor sanitation, poor food, infection from operations, and poor and scanty medical services had an appalling effect. Introduction of ambulance and nurses' services and good army hospitals date from the efforts made by civilians and officers of this period. There are interesting chapters on cooking methods, diets, and malnutrition. Dr. Adams is dean and professor of history at Colorado College.

THE MERRY HEART. By S. FELIX MENDELSON. \$3.00.

Wit and wisdom from Jewish folklore. The introductory chapter deals with Old World Judaism. Chapters centering around European Jewish characters, Chassidim, folk tales, and Jewish life in America follow. Other stories center around the Republic of Israel. The author says: "My object has been to include only such items which are illustrative of Jewish doctrine, life, and especially psychology."

QUIET, PLEASE. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$3.00.

Personal memories with discussions of his writing, his subject matter, his difficulties, his readers and followers. For readers who remember *Jurgen*, etc.

ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS. By A. J. CRONIN. McGraw-Hill. \$4.00.

An interesting autobiography of the author of *The Keys of the Kingdom*, *The Citadel*, etc. Readers will recognize some of the material. Dr. Cronin tells with enthusiasm and simplicity well-remembered incidents of his work as a doctor and his experiences as a writer. He has been successful in both fields. Good.

NEW HOPES FOR A CHANGING WORLD. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. Simon & Schuster. \$3.00.

"An Argument against the Tyranny of Fear—and an Affirmation of Faith in the Good Life and the Life of Reason, by the winner of the 1950 Nobel Prize for Literature," says the jacket. In three parts: "Man and Nature," "Man and Man," and "Man and Himself." Chapters dealing with "Life without Fear," "Racial Antagonism," "Creeds and Ideologies," overpopulation, the happy man, and the good life. *Fear* has figured in many recent books. A hope morality can overcome a fear morality.

DEAREST ISA: ROBERT BROWNING'S LETTERS TO ISABELLE BLAGDEN. Edited by EDWARD C. MCALEER. University of Texas Press (Austin). \$5.00.

Unlike most collections of letters, these are not fragmentary. They have a fluidity so perfect it seems an intrusion to read the salutation with each new letter. Browning writes his dear friend Miss Blagden, giving exquisite insight to his flesh-and-blood character, beginning the correspondence before Elizabeth's death and continuing it for many years after. Explanatory footnotes enlighten on each detail, to be used or ignored, as the reader chooses. A scholarly work indeed that reads like a fascinating episodic novel.

FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1900-1950. By R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. Longmans. \$2.75.

Scott-James gives a panoramic view of the five decades without attempting to assay the

period. He devotes chapters to Shaw, Bennett and Galsworthy, Chesterton, Eliot, "Georgian" poets, and a few under titles such as "Modern Poets" and "Some Prose Writers." Less criticism than history, it is good reading for one who would be intelligent about the recent and contemporary.

WILLIAM FAULKNER: TWO DECADES OF CRITICISM. Edited by FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN and OLGA W. VICKERY. Michigan State College Press (Lansing). \$3.75.

The sixteen critical essays concern themselves with four general views: first, Faulkner's regional "place"; second, his work as a whole; third, his methods and style; and, fourth, his individual works. No two criticisms agree, yet the reader is able to draw some subjective conclusions on Faulkner upon completing the book. Some of the criticisms may alter your already formed opinions.

GREEK LITERATURE FOR THE MODERN READER. By H. C. BALDRY. Cambridge University Press. \$3.75.

All literature contains within itself the civilization that produces it, but only devoted scholarship can reveal it. This professor of classics in the University of Capetown reviews and criticizes the major output of the Greeks. Not an anthology.

READINGS IN DEMOCRACY. By M. DAVID HOFFMAN. Globe.

Here is an answer and a way—a good one—to the charge that contemporary writers and problems are seldom found in the English classroom. An excellent collection of writings on democracy in America: Sandburg, Eisenhower, MacLeish, F. D. R., Arch Oboler, Schlesinger, Jesse Stuart, David Lilienthal.

OVER A BAMBOO FENCE. By MARGERY FINN BROWN. Morrow. \$3.50.

This is a sympathetic, interesting book about life in Japan during the years when people were adjusting to what has been called "the greatest democratic experiment of all times." It is also the personal story of the Browns and their four young daughters in a foreign country. The Japanese people are presented with verve and understanding. "They are proud to be Japanese. They love with intense devotion every rock, mountain and tree, every shabby hovel in

Japan." After reading *Over a Bamboo Fence*, one will agree with the author that "only the skin is different."

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Introduction by HAROLD C. GARDINER, S.J. Pocketbooks Cardinal. \$0.35.

An inexpensive edition of a work that appears on everybody's list of "world's great books."

A HISTORY OF JAZZ IN AMERICA. By BARRY ULANOV. Viking.

America has been the originator of few art genres. Jazz is native-born and developed, according to the author. The whole story from slave days through New Orleans' gin mills to its pleasure-mansion fame.

SHOULD I RETIRE? By GEORGE H. PRESTON, M.D. Rinehart. \$2.50.

The psychological and financial factors of retirement, told by a well-known doctor and psychiatrist, who has successfully retired. Your personality, says Dr. Preston, contributes more to your retirement than your bank account. He faces the question from many angles. Not the least important of his suggestions is that retirement should be studied and planned many years before it is necessary. A very broad view with case histories.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By ELLSWORTH BARNARD. Macmillan. \$4.75.

A critical study, almost overlooking biography. Barnard sees Robinson as an idealist in philosophy, a traditionalist in verse form, a liberal humanist in spirit. The critic applauds the union of lyricism and drama and the union of irony and tenderness throughout the works.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. By RALPH M. WARDLE. University of Kansas Press. Pp. 366. \$4.50.

SPERANZA. By HORACE WYNNDHAM. Philosophical Library. Pp. 247. \$4.50.

The biographies of two remarkable women who were loudly articulate in a day when ladies were supposed to be seen and not have opinions of their own. Wardle's biography of Mary Wollstonecraft, wife of William Godwin, mother-in-law of Shelley, and a pioneer in the movement for women's rights, is critical, scholarly, and

very readable. Wyndham's study of Lady Wilde, mother of Oscar and Willie, is scaled to a slighter compass. It is a lively account of a lively lady of letters. One of its most interesting chapters describes the early days of the Irish nationalist movement and Mrs. Wilde's association with Charles Gavan Duffy, editor of *The Nation*.

STURGE MOORE AND THE LIFE OF ART.

By FREDERICK L. GWYNN. University of Kansas Press. Pp. 159. \$3.00.

The first biography of an English poet, lately dead, who is little known in this country but whose poems Yeats, Masfield, Pound, Yvor Winters, and other poets regard highly.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE: LIFE AND LETTERS. By KATE HARBEE BECKER. Outline Co. Pp. 145.

The biography of a southern poet who survived the Civil War to write the lyrics reprinted here.

UNDERSTANDING PUBLIC OPINION.

By CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL. Macmillan. Pp. 698. \$5.00.

This substantial volume has been subtitled "a guide to newspapermen and newspaper readers." It is, however, by no means an "outline" guide. The nature of man, society, and propaganda are discussed at length, as well as the characteristics of American culture. The remaining two-thirds of the book analyzes public opinion media. The author, a professor of journalism at Northwestern University, stresses throughout that a good reporter digs to find cause and effect, that social phenomena don't just happen, that the majority is not always right, that rightness or wrongness is no criterion by which to evaluate the popularity of any idea, and that the proper concern of a student of public opinion should be its "why."

AGRICULTURAL AND TECHNICAL JOURNALISM. By RODNEY FOX. Prentice-Hall. Pp. 229. \$3.50.

A handbook for nonjournalist technical workers to help solve their publicity problems. Essentially an elementary journalism textbook focused for agriculture and science. Good format, clearly printed, well illustrated. Should be very helpful.

Films

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Young America Films.

Young America Films has produced a thirty-three minute, 16-mm., black-and-white, sound motion picture of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. The enterprise is laudable, the result uneven. Perhaps the effort by its very nature must fall short of distinction: if Lamb was even close to the truth in his view that Shakespearean tragedy is not for the stage, what hope is there for a half-hour presentation of this boundless tragedy and this most fascinating and complex of heroines?

The film attempts to give an extensive treatment of the passion of Antony and Cleopatra, from her initial, "If it be love indeed, tell me how much," to Caesar's "She shall be buried by her Antony. / No grave upon the earth shall clip in it / A pair so famous." There are references to the political situation—Philo's opening lines, Antony's "Let Rome in Tiber melt" speech, some of the young Caesar's scathing remarks about his great rival—but they don't add up to a total impression that kingdoms are shifting hands. Enobarbus, except for his famous river of Cydnus portrait, is lost sight of. The film must be judged, then, on the impressiveness of the helpless but fiery passion of that transformed triple pillar of the world and the infinite variety of his royal mistress. Unfortunately, Antony carries neither the embers of past greatness nor the fire of present love, and Cleopatra has too little of the serpent in her. It is conceivable that judicious selection of just a few scenes might have carried more power; the play

is spread too thin to allow the lovers to show their splendid wares.

WILLIAM R. MUELLER

WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF NORTH CAROLINA

Recordings

LEW SARETT, READING FROM HIS COLLECTED POEMS. (By permission of Henry Holt & Co.) 33½ rpm. Clark Weaver, Distributor (1426 N.E. Seventh St., Gainesville, Fla.). \$5.95 postpaid.

Lew Sarett—variously woodsman and guide in the Rockies and in Canada, U.S. Ranger, prize-winning poet, lecturer, and professor of speech at Northwestern University—has recorded fourteen of his nature poems and Indian songs on a longplaying disk, with a brief prose introduction to each selection. His voice is a well-modulated but vigorous baritone, his every word is clear, and his reading is in keeping with the spirit of his poem. The recording, pressed by Columbia Records, Inc., is excellent.

Of the selections, perhaps the most enjoyable are the Indian songs, but all of them should interest the student, especially at the secondary level, for Sarett's technique is simple, his themes are easy to follow, and his work, though minor, is universal and undated in its appeal. Typical of the poems read are "Four Little Foxes," "To a Grove of Silver Birches," "Cattle Bells," and the pieces based upon Chippewa Indian customs: a war dance, a lullaby, and a gift-exchange squaw dance.

THEODORE C. HOEFFNER

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Poetry, Fiction, and Drama

MY COUSIN RACHEL. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. Doubleday. \$3.50.

By the author of *Rebecca*, and in much the same vein. First line: "They used to hang men at Four Turnings in the old days." The story is told by young Philip Ashley, nineteenth-century Cornishman. His parents died, and his uncle took their place in his life. When he was twenty-five, his uncle married young, distant "Cousin Rachel"—part-Italian and a resident of Italy. Many things happened. A story of suspense, an enigmatic woman, and appealing

characters. Engrossing. Literary Guild selection for March.

WHICH I NEVER: A POLICE DIVERSION. By L. A. G. STRONG. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Another murder! A girl has been found dead. Police, inspectors, constable, gather at the police station. A Scotland Yard detective appears. The English village has many important residents, and the detective makes their acquaintance. They have their secrets, and, to complicate matters, there are other missing girls. Detective fiction at its best.

THE WEAKLING AND THE ENEMY. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. Pellegrini & Cudahy. \$3.00.

The Weakling, a novelette, is a family story, a study of hate and cruelty. Paula, middle class, marries an aristocratic weakling. All the adults suffer, but the shy, pitiful little boy is a character created with sympathy and great power. *The Enemy*, novelette, has love for its theme. Fannie was a beautiful, passionate, sophisticated woman. To the small boy Fabian she represented pleasure, tenderness, and beauty. As a young man he met Fannie again; she now was a heartless, middle-aged woman. His spirit was corrupted. Religion plays a part in the character development.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME. By MARY MCCARTHY. Harcourt. \$3.50.

The author has taught at Bard College and at Sarah Lawrence. She is a regular contributor to the *New Yorker*. Henry Mulcahy, a recent acquisition to the faculty of progressive Jocelyn College, Pennsylvania, "gave a cry of impatience and irritation": the letter stated, "Your appointment will not be continued beyond the current academic year." Now Mulcahy thinks (?) the president hates him because of his superior abilities and his independence. He is a wily opponent and lays a plan to "get" the president. Extravaganza. No doubt teachers will enjoy the satire.

HOLD BACK THE NIGHT. By PAT FRANK. Lippincott. \$3.00.

A tribute to the American fighting men in Korea. Out of a company of 126 men, 14 war-battered men report a mission fulfilled. A bitter story of cold and hunger and courage. "Do not be surprised that the officers and non-coms of Dog Company are, on the whole, decent responsible young men. An American company is usually a good cross-section of American people. . . . They had only one thing in common. They had duty." Comment by Pat Frank: "The story of courage and fortitude of the American soldiers in Korea is a saga that will live forever in our history." Literary Guild April choice.

FROM TIME TO TIME. By JOHN CIARDI. Twayne. Pp. 84. \$2.50.

The first poems express bitter-sweet memories, but many others lack the sweet. Despite some difficult lines, the moods and their bases

usually come through. There is unusual variety of rhythms and stanzas, with many vivid—not always poetic in the old fashion—expressions and images.

IN COUNTRY SLEEP. By DYLAN THOMAS. New Directions. Pp. 34. \$2.00.

This young Welsh poet, now a favorite with the *avant-garde*, is markedly individual. He adapts parts of speech with Shakespearean freedom, sometimes so freely as to cloud understanding. His language seems impetuous, although expression is sometimes indirect. Most of these are nature poems, but primarily of the poet and his thoughts. A small amount of text is set in oversize type, lavishly spaced.

THE WITHERED BRANCH. By D. S. SAVAGE. Pellegrini & Cudahy. Pp. 207. \$3.50.

This unacademic critic seeks to find in the work of Hemingway, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, and James Joyce each writer's vision of life. All of these are at least partial failures because they do not correctly relate all that they experience to the *truth*. He displays much better insights than this too sweeping description of his method would suggest.

THE SIN OF THE PROPHET. By TRUMAN NELSON. Little, Brown. \$4.00.

Anthony Burns was the last runaway slave to be returned to his master under the Fugitive Slave Law, 1854. A fictional version—but it's true—of the reaction of the people of Boston (cradle of liberty) and Theodore Parker's championship of the slave. Richard Dana, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, appear; but it was Parker who championed human rights—all men *are* created free and equal. It has a lesson for today. Conscience!

ASPHALT AND DESIRE. By FREDERIC MORTON. Harcourt. \$3.00.

Iris Leavis, product of a Bronx Jewish home, desperately bored by all that she has known, is graduating from Hunter College, where she has been editor of the college *Bulletin*. Although she craves love, her longing for success in the great world of which she is slightly aware is great. This story covers the first five days following her graduation as she searches frantically for a foothold in New York's competitive modern world.

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- Abbott, Allan, Other Views on the Same (R), 41
 Achievement of Ernest Hemingway, The, Leo Abel, Darrel, Hawthorne's Hester, 303
 Ambivalence in Matthew Arnold's Prose Criticism, Gaylord C. LeRoy, 432
 Analysis of a Poem (The) (R), Ralph H. Singleton, 460
 Arthur Koestler: Radical's Progress, Ben Ray Redman, 131
 Ashton, J. W., The English Teacher and Spiritual Values, 378
 Audio-Visual Aids for a Survey Course in British Literature, Virginia Wallace, 19
 Baker, Joseph E., History of—Pattern as Such, 78
 Barnard, Ellsworth, Other Thoughts on English A (R), 331
 Beebe, Maurice, Henry James and the Sophomore (R), 455
 Benson, Adolph B., Par Lagerkvist: Nobel Laureate, 417
 Berkelman, Robert, Teaching *Henry the Fifth*, 94
 Besco, Galen S., Commending the Student for Worthly Achievement (R), 280
 Bethurum, Dorothy, Great Books in the English Curriculum, 266
 Blair, Walter, Other Views on the Same (R), 42
 Block, Haskell M., and Mattis, Sidney, The Research Paper: A Co-operative Approach, 212
 Bloomberg, Blanche R., English V and the Study Clinic, 104
 Brown, James I., The Flesch Formula "Through the Looking Glass" (R), 393
 Burgess, James, An Over-all Class Subject for the Buckner, Mabel A., Stop Preparing, Start Living (R), 109
 Bunting, Type Tests, 224
 Brown, James I., Teaching Listening through Listening-Type Tests, 224
 Buckner, Mabel A., Stop Preparing, Start Living (R), 109
 Burgess, James, An Over-all Class Subject for the Research Paper, 210
 Bushman, John, Literary Sophistication of the Freshman, The, 147
 Cameron, Kenneth Neill, The New Scholasticism: A Reply to René Wellik (R), 39
 Cargill, Oscar, Science and the Literary Imagination in the United States, 90
 Carpenter, Frederic I., The West of Walter Van-Tilburg Clark, 243; Hester the Heretic (R), 457
 Carson McCullers: Variations on a Theme, Dayton Kohler, 1
 Christensen, Norman, A Terminal Literature Course for Sophomores, 113
 College English for Foreign Students, George Giblin, 157
 Flesch, Formula "Through the Looking Glass," The (R), James I. Brown, 393
 Flesch, Jeffrey, Teaching as Audience, 272
 Flesch, Jeffrey, Spelling and Pronunciation (R), 219
 Fiction and Social Criticism, Granville Hicks, 355
 Feste's Night, Alan S. Downer, 258
 Feinstein, George W., On "Understanding Hamlet," Allison Stevenson, 32
 Facing the Problem in Upperclass English, Hazel Helene Magaret, 29
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misspelled Word, The, Douglas Root Dickson, 219
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misheard Sound, The (R), Correll K. Holaspic, 324
 Teaching Freshman English, Warren Wood and Teaching Poetry, Bruce Dearing, 322; III. In Shakespeare, Richard M. Goldstone, 319; II. In Experiments with Audio-Visual Aids, I. In Teaching Experience in Writing, An (R), Leslie Lee Hagen, 281
 Evans, Bergen, Irwin Shaw, 71
 berg, 104
 English V and the Study Clinic, Blanche R. Bloomberg, 104
 Ashton, 378
 English Teacher and Spiritual Values, The, J. W. (R), David M. Stocking, 336
 Embroidery on Dimmesdale's Scarlet Letter, An (R), George P. Ten-Line English Grammar (Verse), 399
 Ehrenpreis, Irwin, Swift and Satire, 309
 Dunkel, Wilbur D., The Genesis of *Mistresses*, 375
 Dubletts (R), T. M. Pearson, 332
 Downer, Alan S., Feste's Night, 258
 Dorothy Mercedes, Sister, Lesson Planning (Verse), 392
 Dickson, Douglas Root, The Eye, the Ear, and the Misheard Sound (R), 219
 Dickens Affair Again, The (R), Richard B. Hudson, 111
 Dierleth, August, Contemporary Science-Fiction, 187
 Aids in Teaching Poetry, 322
 Dearing, Bruce, Experiments with Audio-Visual Aids in *Lord Jim* (R), 396
 Day, A. Grove, Pattern in *Lord Jim* (R), 396
 Davis, L. E., Mispronunciation and Misspellings (R), 221
 Current English Forum, 43, 116, 161, 398, 463
 Cowley, John, Training Teachers of English (R), 223
 Course in Reading Training, A, Tom F. Almon, 106
 Cospert, Russell, Teaching the Skill of Reading, 99
 Contemporary Science-Fiction, August Dierleth, 187
 Confession (Verse) (R), Morgan Drew, 42
 (R), Galen S. Besco, 280
 Commending the Student for Worthly Achievement College Spelling Clinic, Gilbert D. McEwen, 216
 Franchere, 326
 College Freshmen Reconsider and Suggest, Hoyt C.

NOTE.—Titles of articles followed by (R) are in the Round Table.

Index

A CHANGE OF WORLD. By ADRIENNE CECILE RICH. ("Yale Series of Younger Poets.") Yale University Press.

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Index

NOTE.—Titles of articles followed by (R) are in the Round Table.

- Abbott, Allan, Other Views on the Same (R), 41
 Abel, Darrel, Hawthorne's Hester, 303
 Achievement of Ernest Hemingway, The, Leo Gurko, 368
 Almon, Tom F., A Course in Reading Training, 106
 Amacher, Richard E., Further Notes on a "Bad Poem" (R), 163
 Amacher, Richard E., Other Views on the Same (R), 41
 Ambivalence in Matthew Arnold's Prose Criticism, Gaylord C. LeRoy, 432
 Analysis of a Poem (The) (R), Ralph H. Singleton, 460
 Arthur Koestler: Radical's Progress, Ben Ray Redman, 131
 Ashton, J. W., The English Teacher and Spiritual Values, 378
 Audio-Visual Aids for a Survey Course in British Literature, Virginia Wallace, 19
 Baker, Joseph E., History of—Pattern as Such, 78
 Barnard, Ellsworth, Other Thoughts on English A (R), 331
 Beebe, Maurice, Henry James and the Sophomore (R), 455
 Benson, Adolph B., Pär Lagerkvist: Nobel Laureate, 417
 Berkelman, Robert, Teaching *Henry the Fifth*, 94
 Besco, Galen S., Commending the Student for Worthy Achievement (R), 280
 Bethurum, Dorothy, Great Books in the English Curriculum, 266
 Blair, Walter, Other Views on the Same (R), 42
 Block, Haskell M., and Mattis, Sidney, The Research Paper: A Co-operative Approach, 212
 Bloomberg, Blanche R., English Y and the Study Clinic, 104
 Brown, James I., The Flesh Formula "Through the Looking Glass" (R), 393
 Brown, James I., Teaching Listening through Listening-Type Tests, 224
 Buckner, Mabel A., Stop Preparing, Start Living (R), 109
 Burgess, Janna, An Over-all Class Subject for the Research Paper, 210
 Bushman, John, Literary Sophistication of the Freshman, The, 147
 Cameron, Kenneth Neill, The New Scholasticism: A Reply to René Wellek (R), 39
 Cargill, Oscar, Science and the Literary Imagination in the United States, 90
 Carpenter, Frederic L., The West of Walter Van-Tilburg Clark, 243; Hester the Heretic (R), 457
 Carson McCullers: Variations on a Theme, Dayton Kohler, 1
 Christensen, Norman, A Terminal Literature Course for Sophomores, 113
 College English for Foreign Students, George Gibian, 157
 College Freshmen Reconsider and Suggest, Hoyt C. Franchere, 326
 College Spelling Clinic, Gilbert D. McEwen, 216
 Commending the Student for Worthy Achievement (R), Galen S. Besco, 280
 Confession (Verse) (R), Morgan Drew, 42
 Contemporary Science-Fiction, August Derleth, 187
 Cosper, Russell, Teaching the Skill of Reading, 99
 Course in Reading Training, A, Tom F. Almon, 106
 Cowley, John, Training Teachers of English (R), 223
 Current English Forum, 43, 116, 161, 398, 463
 Davis, L. E., Mispronunciation and Misspellings (R), 221
 Day, A. Grove, Pattern in *Lord Jim* (R), 396
 Dearing, Bruce, Experiments with Audio-Visual Aids in Teaching Poetry, 322
 Derleth, August, Contemporary Science-Fiction, 187
 Dickens Affair Again, The (R), Richard B. Hudson, 111
 Dickson, Douglas Root, The Eye, the Ear, and the Misheard Sound (R), 219
 Dorothy Mercedes, Sister, Lesson Planning (Verse), 392
 Downer, Alan S., Feste's Night, 258
 Drew, Morgan, Confession (Verse) (R), 42
 Dubieties (R), T. M. Pearson, 332
 Dunkel, Wilbur D., The Genesis of *Milestones*, 375
 Ehrenpreis, Irvin, Swift and Satire, 309
 Elliot, George P. Ten-Line English Grammar (Verse), 399
 Embroidery on Dimmesdale's Scarlet Letter, An (R), David M. Stocking, 336
 English Teacher and Spiritual Values, The, J. W. Ashton, 378
 English Y and the Study Clinic, Blanche R. Bloomberg, 104
 Evans, Bergen, Irwin Shaw, 71
 Experience in Writing, An (R), Lessie Lee Hagen, 281
 Experiments with Audio-Visual Aids. I. In Teaching Shakespeare, Richard M. Goldstone, 319; II. In Teaching Poetry, Bruce Dearing, 322; III. In Teaching Freshman English, Warren Wood and Cortell K. Holsapple, 324
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misheard Sound, The (R), Douglas Root Dickson, 219
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misspelled Word, The, Helene Magaret, 29
 Facing the Problem in Upperclass English, Hazel Allison Stevenson, 32
 Feinstein, George W., On "Understanding *Hamlet*," 163
 Feste's Night, Alan S. Downer, 258
 Fiction and Social Criticism, Granville Hicks, 355
 Fleece, Jeffrey, Spelling and Pronunciation (R), 219
 Fleece, Jeffrey, Teacher as Audience, 272
 Flesh Formula "Through the Looking Glass," The (R), James I. Brown, 393

- Fogle, Richard H., The Romantic Unity of "Kubla Khan," 13
- Forty-first Annual Meeting, NCTE, 54
- Franchere, Hoyt C., College Freshmen Reconsider and Suggest, 326
- Further Notes on a "Bad Poem," Richard E. Amacher, 163
- Fuson, Ben W., Which Twin-Poem Is the Toni? (R), 333
- Genesis of *Milestones*, The, Wilbur D. Dunkel, 375
- Gibian, George, College English for Foreign Students, 157
- "Gold Coast Customs" Reconsidered, Henry W. Wells, 361
- Goldstone, Richard M., Experiments with Audio-Visual Aids in Teaching Shakespeare, 319
- "Great Art Beaten Down": Yeats on Censorship, Marion Witt, 248
- Great Books in the English Curriculum, Dorothy Bethurum, 266
- Gurko, Leo, The Achievement of Ernest Hemingway, 368
- Hagen, Lessie Lee, An Experience in Writing (R), 281
- Hartung, Charles V., Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge: Paradox or Harmony? 201
- Haugh, Oscar M., Training College Teachers of English at the University of Kansas, 153
- Haugh, Robert F., The Structure of *Lord Jim*, 137
- Hawthorne and Puritan Punishments, G. Harrison Orians, 424
- Hawthorne's Hester, Darrel Abel, 303
- Henry James and the Sophomore (R), Maurice Beebe, 455
- Hester the Heretic (R), Frederic I. Carpenter, 457
- Hicks, Granville, Fiction and Social Criticism, 355
- History of—Pattern as Such, Joseph E. Baker, 78
- Holsapple, Cortell K., and Wood, Warren, Experiments with Visual Aids in Teaching Freshman English, 324
- Horton, Stephen H., Some Thoughts on the Passing of English A at Harvard (R), 163
- Hudson, Richard B., The Dickens Affair Again (R), 111
- Introducing the Sophomore to His Imagination, Calvin D. Linton, 388
- Irwin Shaw, Bergen Evans, 71
- Kemp, Lysander, Understanding *Hamlet*, 9
- Kerr, Elizabeth M., The Research Paper as a Class Enterprise, 204
- Know the Case before Applying the Cure (R), Delwyn G. Schubert, 394
- Kohler, Dayton, Carson McCullers: Variations on a Theme, 1
- Kostick, Lila, Undergraduate Workshops in Creative Writing (R), 335
- Kulishcheck, Clarence L., Time for a New Indoor Sport, 312
- LeRoy, Gaylord C., Ambivalence in Matthew Arnold's Prose Criticism, 432
- Lesson Planning (Verse), Sister Dorothy Mercedes, 392
- Leverett, Ernestine, Remedial English Is Camouflaged, 102
- Linton, Calvin D., Introducing the Sophomore to His Imagination, 388
- Literary Sophistication of the Freshman, The, John Bushman, 147
- McEwen, Gilbert D., College Spelling Clinic, 216
- Macrorie, Ken, World's Best Directions Writer, 275
- Magaret, Helene, The Eye, the Ear, and the Misspelled Word, 29
- Mattis, Sidney, and Block, Haskell M., The Research Paper: A Co-operative Approach, 212
- Meaning of "The Minister's Black Veil," The (R), Gilbert P. Voigt, 337
- Michaels, Herbert, A New Kind of Argumentative Term Paper, 208
- Mills, Barriss, and Casper, Russell, Teaching the Skill of Reading, 99
- Mispronunciation and Misspellings (R), L. E. Davis, 221
- Moore, William L., Teaching American Literature in Goethe University, 444
- Myers, Virginia, "On Jargon" (R), 282
- National Council at Cincinnati, The, 284
- New Books, 57, 123, 176, 234, 292, 347, 407, 470
- New Kind of Argumentative Term Paper, A, Herbert Michaels, 208
- New Scholasticism: A Reply to René Wellek, The (R), Kenneth Neill Cameron, 39
- New Scholasticism? A Reply to Kenneth Neill Cameron, The (R), René Wellek, 38
- Occupational Attitudes in Teachers of English in Colleges of Technology, Theodore Pearce, 385
- "On Jargon" (R), Virginia Myers, 282
- On "Understanding *Hamlet*" (R), George W. Feinstein, 163; Demetrius Tarlton, 163
- Open-Book Vocabulary Test (R), Alan Snyder, 458
- Orians, G. Harrison, Hawthorne and Puritan Punishments, 424
- Other Thoughts on English A (R), Ellsworth Barnard, 331
- Other Views on the Same (R), Allan Abbott, 41; Richard E. Amacher, 41; Walter Blair, 42
- Over-all Class Subject for the Research Paper, An, Janna Burgess, 210
- Pär Lagerkvist: Nobel Laureate, Adolph B. Benson, 417
- Parnara, Robert F., Turnabout (Verse), 330
- Pattern in *Lord Jim* (R), A. Grove Day, 396
- Pearce, Theodore, Occupational Attitudes in Teachers of English at Colleges of Technology, 385
- Pearson, T. M., Dubieties (R), 332
- Pettigrew, Richard C., Tush, Tush, Sweet Prince! (Verse), 160
- Poetry as Experience, Martin Scholten, 315
- Pope, Myrtle Pihlman, A Reading List by and for College Freshmen (R), 110
- Programs for Training Teachers of English, Oscar M. Haugh, 153
- Protest against the James Vogue, A, Arthur L. Scott, 194
- Reading List by and for College Freshmen, A (R), Myrtle Pihlman Pope, 110
- Redman, Ben Ray, Arthur Koestler: Radical's Progress, 131

- Remedial English Is Camouflaged, Ernestine Leverett, 102
- Report and Summary, 45, 118, 167, 226, 290, 339, 400, 465
- Research Paper: A Co-operative Approach, The, Haskell M. Block and Sidney Mattis, 212
- Research Paper as a Class Enterprise, The, Elizabeth M. Kerr, 204
- Reviews, titles of books and films: *Antony and Cleopatra* (Young America Films), William R. Mueller, 476; *Compounding and Hyphenation of English Words* (Alice Martin Ball), George Summey, Jr., 62; *Creative Education in the Humanities* (Arnold Didier Graeffe), Samuel Weingarten, 177; *Cyrano de Bergerac* (H. Arthur Klein), Horst Frenz, 59; *English in Common Learnings* (Lou La Brant and Others), Virginia Belle Lowers, 62; *An Examination of Ezra Pound* (Peter Russell), Robert A. Hume, 59; *The Heritage of American Literature* (Richardson, Orians, and Brown), Martin Staples Shockley, 407; *Preface to Critical Reading* (Richard D. Altick), A. M. Buchan, 407; *Public Speaking, Principles and Practice* (G. W. Gray and W. W. Braden), Max Fuller, 58; *Robert Frost Reading His Poems* (NCTE Recording), Robert A. Hume, 124; *Thought and Experience in Prose* (Craig R. Thompson and George Hicks), A. M. Buchan, 407; *William Shakespeare: Backgrounds for His Works* (Coronet), John Mersand, 125; *The World through Literature* (Charlton Laird and Others), George B. Parks, 347; *Writing Mature Prose* (Baxter Hathaway), Beverly Fisher, 57
- Rhode, Robert D., Scenery and Setting: A Note on American Local Color, 142
- Rinehart, Keith, Teaching Freshman Composition, 450
- Romantic Unity of "Kubla Khan," The, Richard H. Fogle, 13
- Rumer Godden, Public Symbolist, William York Tindall, 297
- Scenery and Settings: A Note on American Local Color, Robert D. Rhode, 142
- Scholten, Martin, Poetry as Experience, 315
- Schubert, Delwyn G., Know the Case before Applying the Cure, 394
- Science and the Literary Imagination in the United States, Oscar Cargill, 90
- Scott, Arthur L., A Protest against the James Vogue, 194
- Sinclair Lewis as Teacher, Margaret Waterman, 87
- Singleton, Ralph H., The Analysis of a Poem (R), 462
- Snyder, Alan, Open-Book Vocabulary Test (R), 458
- Some Thoughts on the Passing of English A at Harvard (R), Stephen H. Horton, 163
- Spelling and Pronunciation (R), Jeffrey Fleece, 219; Louise Hening Johnson, 219
- Stevenson, Hazel Allison, Facing the Problem in Upperclass English, 32
- Stocking, David M., An Embroidery on Dimmesdale's Scarlet Letter (R), 336
- Stop Preparing, Start Living! Mabel A. Buckner, 109
- Structure of *Lord Jim*, The, Robert F. Haugh, 137
- Student's Prayer, The (Verse), Paul Mowbray Wheeler, 279
- Swift and Satire, Irvin Ehrenpreis, 309
- Tarlton, Demetrius, On "Understanding *Hamlet*" (R), 163
- Teacher as Audience, Jeffrey Fleece, 272
- Teaching American Literature in Goethe University, William L. Moore, 444
- Teaching Freshman Composition, Keith Rinehart, 450
- Teaching *Henry the Fifth*, Robert Berkelman, 94
- Teaching Listening through Listening-Type Tests (R), James I. Brown, 224
- Teaching Reading, Symposium, 99
- Teaching the Skill of Reading, Russell Cosper and Barriss Mills, 99
- Teaching Students To Read: Daily Quizzes before Class Discussion (R), Hargis Westerfield, 165
- Ten-line English Grammar (Verse), George P. Elliot, 399
- Terminal Literature Course for Sophomores, A, Norman Christensen, 113
- Time for a New Indoor Sport, Clarence L. Kulisheck, 312
- Tindall, William York, Rumer Godden, Public Symbolist, 297
- Training College Teachers of English, Programs, 153
- Training Teachers of English (R), John Cowley, 223
- Turnabout (Verse), Robert F. Parnara, 330
- Tush, Tush, Sweet Prince! (Verse), Richard C. Pettigrew, 160
- Undergraduate Workshops in Creative Writing (R), Lila Kostick, 335
- Understanding *Hamlet*, Lysander Kemp, 9
- Voigt, Gilbert P., The Meaning of "The Minister's Black Veil" (R), 337
- Walker, James A., Training College Teachers of English at the State University of Iowa, 154
- Wallace, Virginia, Audio-Visual Aids for a Survey Course in British Literature, 19
- Waterman, Margaret, Sinclair Lewis as Teacher, 87
- Wellek, René, The New Scholasticism? A Reply to Kenneth Neill Cameron (R), 38
- Wells, Henry W., "Gold Coast Customs" Reconsidered, 361
- West of Walter VanTilburg Clark, The, Frederic I. Carpenter, 243
- Westerfield, Hargis, Teaching Students To Read: Daily Quizzes before Class Discussion (R), 165
- What the G.I.'s Did to Homer, Francis Wolle, 438
- Wheeler, Paul Mowbray, The Student's Prayer (Verse), 279
- Which Twin-Poem Is the Toni? (R), Ben W. Fuson, 333
- Witt, Marion, "Great Art Beaten Down": Yeats on Censorship, 248
- Wolle, Francis, What the G.I.'s Did to Homer, 438
- Wood, Warren, and Holsapple, Cortell K., Experiments with Visual Aids in Teaching Freshman English, 324
- Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge: Paradox or Harmony? Charles V. Hartung, 201
- World's Best Directions Writer, Ken Macrorie, 275

Topical Index

NOTE.—Titles of articles followed by (R) are in the Round Table.

CRITICISM OF LITERATURE

- Ambivalence in Matthew Arnold's Prose Criticism, Gaylord C. LeRoy, 432
 Contemporary Science-Fiction, August Derleth, 187
 Dickens Affair Again, The (R), Richard B. Hudson, 111
 Fiction and Social Criticism, Granville Hicks, 355
 Further Notes on a "Bad Poem" (R), Richard E. Amacher, 163
 Henry James and the Sophomore (R), Maurice Beebe, 455
 History of—Pattern as Such, Joseph E. Baker, 78
 New Scholasticism? A Reply to Kenneth Neill Cameron, The (R), René Wellek, 38
 New Scholasticism: A Reply to René Wellek, The (R), Kenneth Neill Cameron, 39
 Other Views on the Same (R), Richard E. Amacher, 41; Allan Abbott, 41; Walter Blair, 42
 Protest against the James Vogue, A, Arthur L. Scott, 194
 Scenery and Setting: A Note on American Local Color, Robert D. Rhode, 142
 Science and the Literary Imagination in the United States, Oscar Cargill, 90
 Swift and Satire, Irvin Ehrenpreis, 309
 Time for a New Indoor Sport, Clarence L. Kulisheck, 312

1. Drama

- Feste's Night, Alan S. Downer, 258
 Genesis of *Milestones*, The, Wilbur D. Dunkel, 375
 On Understanding *Hamlet* (R), George W. Feinstein, 163; Demetrius Tarlton, 163
 Understanding *Hamlet*, Lysander Kemp, 9

2. The Novel

- Achievement of Ernest Hemingway, The, Leo Gurko, 368
 Arthur Koestler: Radical's Progress, Ben Ray Redman, 131
 Carson McCullers: Variations on a Theme, Dayton Kohler, 1
 Embroidery on Dimmesdale's Scarlet Letter, An (R), 336
 Hawthorne and Puritan Punishments, G. Harrison Orians, 424
 Hawthorne's Hester, Darrel Abel, 303
 Hester the Heretic (R), Frederic I. Carpenter, 457
 Irwin Shaw, Bergen Evans, 71
 Meaning of "The Minister's Black Veil," The, Gilbert P. Voigt, 337
 Pattern in *Lord Jim*: One Jump after Another, A. Grove Day, 396
 Rumer Godden, Public Symbolist, William York Tindall, 297
 Structure of *Lord Jim*, The, Robert F. Haugh, 137
 West of Walter Van Tilburg Clark, The, Frederic I. Carpenter, 243

3. Poetry

- "Gold Coast Customs" Reconsidered, Henry W. Wells, 361

- "Great Art Beaten Down": Yeats on Censorship, Marion Witt, 248
 Romantic Unity of "Kubla Khan," The, Richard H. Fogle, 13
 Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge: Paradox or Harmony? Charles V. Hartung, 201

TEACHING

- English Teachers and Spiritual Values, The, J. W. Ashton, 378
 Occupational Attitudes among Teachers of English in Colleges of Technology, Theodore Pearce, 385
 Programs for Training Teachers of English at the State University of Iowa, James A. Walker, 154
 Programs for Training Teachers of English at the University of Kansas, Oscar M. Haugh, 153
 Programs for Training Teachers of English at the University of Minnesota, 153
 Sinclair Lewis as Teacher, Margaret Waterman, 87
 Teacher as Audience, Jeffrey Fleece, 272
 Teaching Listening through Listening-Type Tests (R), James I. Brown, 224
 Training Teachers of English (R), John Cowley, 223

1. Audio-Visual Aids

- Audio-Visual Aids for a Survey Course in British Literature, Virginia Wallace, 19
 Experiments with Visual Aids. III. In Teaching Freshman English, Cortell K. Holsapple and Warren Wood, 324; II. In Teaching Poetry, Bruce Dearing, 322; I. In Teaching Shakespeare, Richard H. Goldstone, 319

2. Composition

- College English for Foreign Students, George Gibian, 157
 College Freshmen Reconsider and Suggest, Hoyt C. Franchere, 326
 Commending the Student for Worthy Achievement, Galen S. Besco, 280
 Experience in Writing, An (R), Lessie Lee Hagen, 281
 Facing the Problem in Upperclass English, Hazel Allison Stevenson, 32
 "On Jargon," Virginia Myers, 282
 Other Thoughts on English A (R), Ellsworth Barnard, 331
 Some Thoughts on the Passing of English A at Harvard (R), Stephen H. Horton, 163
 Stop Preparing, Start Living (R), Mabel A. Buckner, 109
 Teaching Freshman Composition, Keith Rinehart, 450
 Undergraduate Workshops in Creative Writing (R), Lila Kostick, 335

3. Language

- Current English Forum, 43, 116, 161
 Dubieties, T. M. Pearson, 332
 Open-Book Vocabulary Test (R), Alan Snyder, 458
 World's Best Directions Writer, Ken Macrorie, 275

4. Literature

- Analysis of a Poem, The (R), Ralph H. Singleton, 462
 Great Books in the English Curriculum, Dorothy Bethurum, 266
 Introducing the Sophomore to His Imagination, Calvin D. Linton, 388
 Literary Sophistication of the Freshman, The, John Bushman, 147
 Poetry as Experience, Martin Scholten, 315
 Reading List by and for College Freshmen, A (R), Myrtle Pihlman Pope, 110
 Teaching American Literature in Goethe University, William L. Moore, 444
 Teaching *Henry the Fifth*, Robert Berkelman, 94
 Terminal Literature Course for Sophomores, A (R), Norman Christensen, 113
 What the G.I.'s Did to Homer, Francis Wolle, 438
 Which Twin-Poem Is the Toni? (R), Ben W. Fuson, 333

5. Reading Skill

- Course in Reading Training, A, Tom F. Almon, 106
 English Y and the Study Clinic, Blanche R. Bloomberg, 104
 Flesch Formula "Through the Looking Glass," The, James I. Brown, 393
 Know the Cause before Applying the Cure, D. G. Schubert, 394
 Remedial English Is Camouflaged, Ernestine Levrett, 102
 Teaching the Skill of Reading, Russell Cosper and Barriss Mills, 99

Teaching Students To Read: Daily Quizzes before Class Discussion (R), Hargis Westerfield, 165

6. The Research Paper

- New Kind of Argumentative Term Paper, A, Herbert Michaels, 208
 Over-all Class Subject for the Research Paper, An, Janna Burgess, 210
 Research Paper: A Co-operative Approach, The, Haskell M. Block and Sidney Mattis, 212
 Research Paper as a Class Enterprise, The, Elizabeth M. Kerr, 204

7. Spelling

- College Spelling Clinic, Gilbert D. McEwen, 216
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misheard Sound, The (R), Douglas Root Dickson, 219
 Eye, the Ear, and the Misspelled Word, The, Helene Magaret, 29
 Mispronunciation and Misspellings (R), L. E. Davis, 221
 Spelling and Pronunciation (R), Jeffrey Fleece, 219; Louise Hening Johnson, 219

VERSE

- Confession (R), Morgan Drew, 42
 Lesson Planning, Sister Dorothy Mercedes, 392
 Student's Prayer, The, Paul Mowbray Wheeler, 279
 Ten-Line English Grammar, George P. Elliot, 399
 Turnabout, Robert F. Parnara, 330
 Tush, Tush, Sweet Prince! Richard C. Pettigrew, 160

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